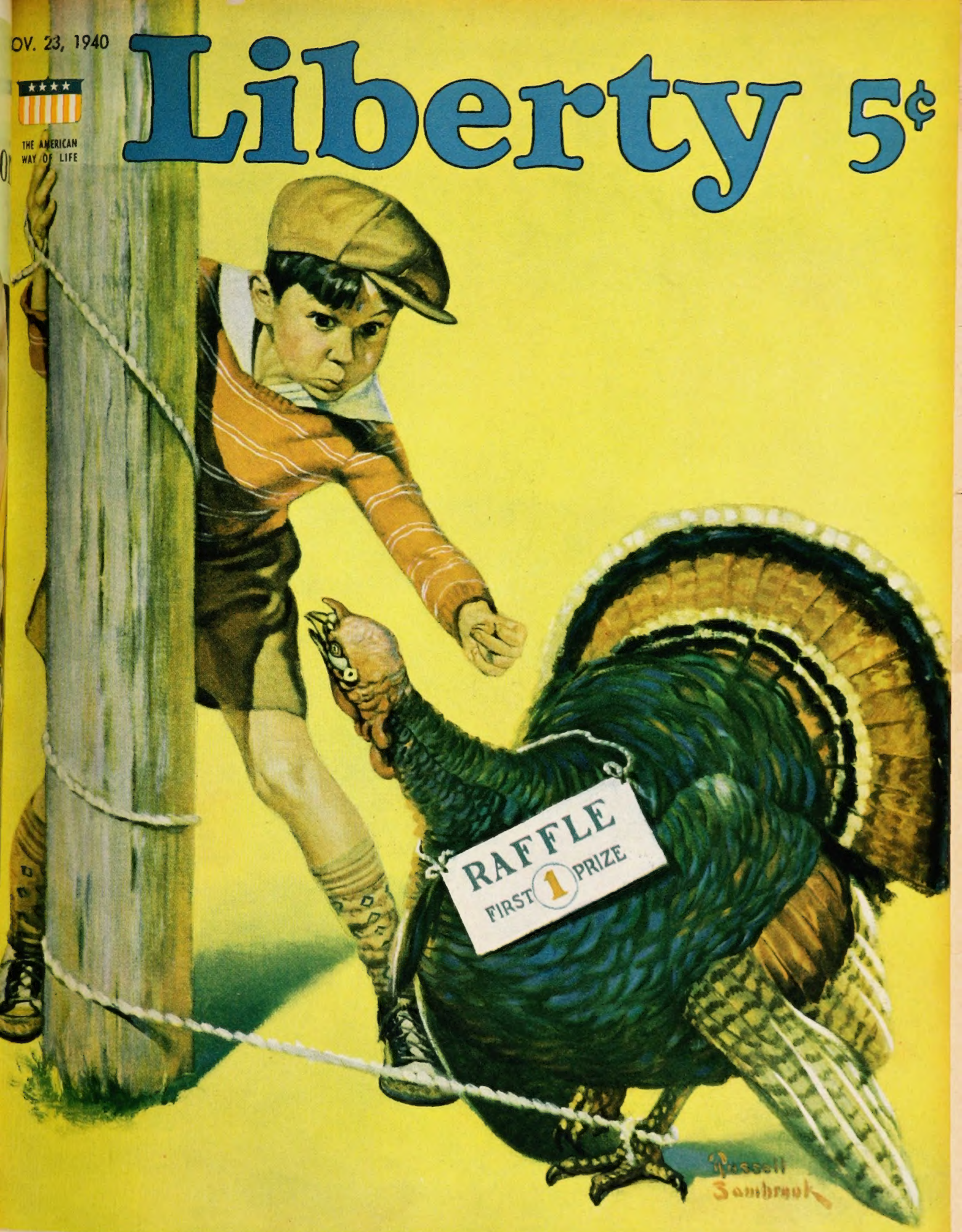
OV. 23, 1940

Liberty 5¢

THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE



HITLER TAKE CENTRAL AMERICA? By Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

DU BARRY 1940—THE WOMAN WHO RUINED FRANCE

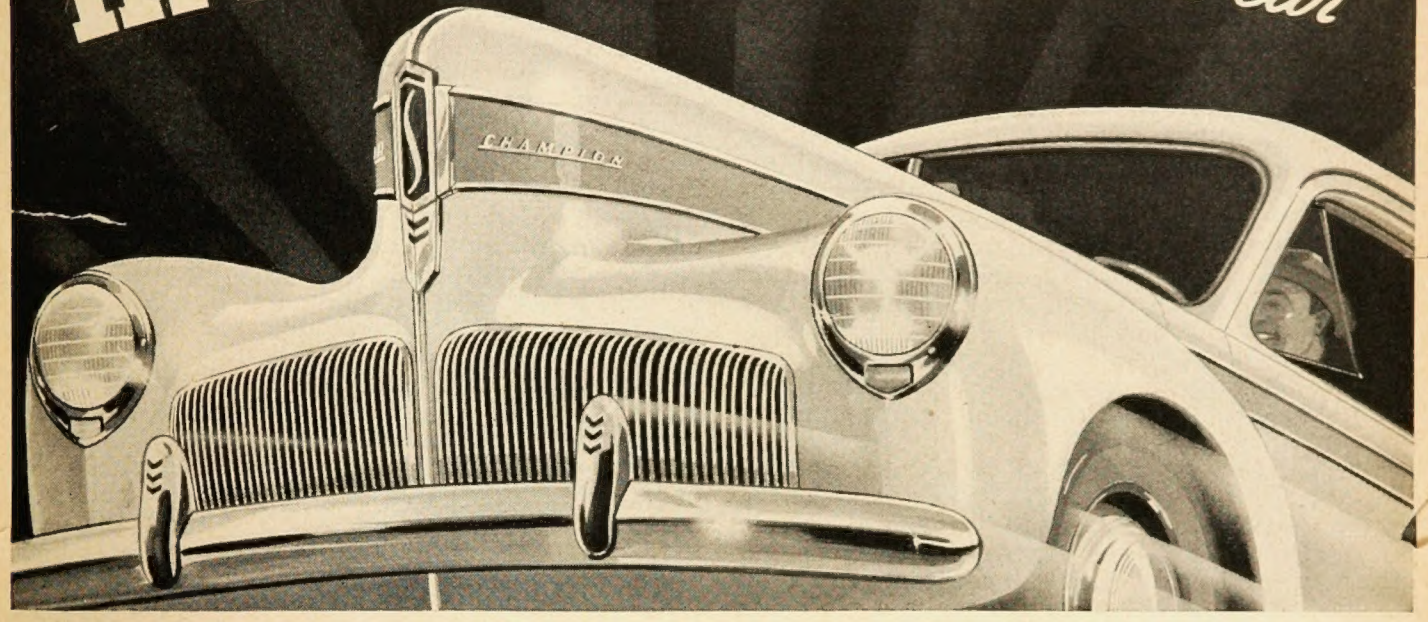
Pour GLENMORE *..you get more*

Gentlemen, there's a sight more in a bottle of Glenmore than meets your eye. There's a heritage and character distilled into this fine whiskey that's been favored with the same family management for 68 uninterrupted years. And it's this tradition of quality that makes Glenmore the richest, smoothest Bourbon out of Old Kentucky. If you want more for your whiskey dollar, try Glenmore. Its distinctive flavor and aroma will be sure to please you. And I'll wager you will be mighty pleased with its price, too.

FROM THE DISTILLERY WITH MORE THAN A MILLION BARRELS EXPERIENCE

Lowest priced sedans in America!

in any 6 or 8 cylinder car



Big, roomy, beautiful, new 1941

STUDEBAKER CHAMPION

First in quality! First in style! Lower upkeep!
Higher trade-in value! You save 10% to 25% on gas!

ONLY LOWEST PRICE CAR WITH ALL THESE FEATURES

Automatic choke for easier starting in cold weather—prevents stalling—gives more power on any grade of gasoline.

Shock-proofed variable ratio steering that makes parking easier and keeps your Champion on even keel on turns.

Economatic shift with overdrive eliminates practically all use of the clutch in shifting—gives you 3 to 5 miles per gallon free. Exclusive in the lowest price field with the Studebaker Champion. Optional at added cost.

Angle-set ventilating vanes that provide draft-free ventilation and keep out rain, snow and sleet.

Planar independent suspension that is self-stabilizing and gives you the most restful ride in any lowest price car.

Fresh-air Climatizer and windshield defroster provides a constant supply of fresh filtered warm air throughout the car in the coldest weather. This exclusive Studebaker feature is built in at the factory. Available at slight added cost.

Harmonizing two-tone interiors and exteriors give you utmost luxury and smartness at low extra cost.

Oversize luggage compartment that's spacious enough for the entire family's traveling equipment. Weather-stripped.

AND BESIDES, YOU GET—Glove compartment lock . . . Front-seat ash tray . . . Automatic hood lock . . . Finest hydraulic shock absorbers . . . Non-slam door latches . . . Foot-regulated hydraulic brakes . . . Steering wheel gear shift . . . all standard, no extra cost equipment . . . Automatic hill holder available at slight added cost

THINK of it—you can treat yourself and family to the luxury and distinction of a big, roomy, beautiful 1941 Studebaker Champion sedan—for a lower price than any other 6 or 8 cylinder sedan in America.

The success of the Studebaker Champion has been tremendous—and you can get the benefit in the finest 2 or 4 door sedans a lowest price ever bought.

Look at those sweeping, distinctive, slip-stream lines. Did you ever see a lowest price car with anything like this Studebaker Champion's advanced torpedo-type body?

See your local Studebaker dealer now and drive this big, value-loaded, new 1941 Studebaker Champion. Become a proud Studebaker Champion owner—with your present car as part payment—on C.I.T. terms.

COUPE PRICES BEGIN AT **$690**

Champion Club Sedan with trunk . . $730
Champion Cruising Sedan with trunk $770

All prices delivered at factory, South Bend, Ind., Include Federal tax. Subject to change without notice.

NOVEMBER 23, 1940

Liberty

VOL. 17, NO. 47

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALTER LLOYD
ART EDITOR

A NATIONAL TRAGEDY—NEGLECTED YOUTH

BERNARR MACFADDEN

A recent survey has shown there are approximately four million boy and girl graduates who are vainly seeking work.

This is one of the disastrous results of trying to control economic law. The wage-and-hour law requires certain stipulated wages which employers in many instances cannot afford to pay to beginners. It requires a year or two in most jobs to develop worth-while efficiency, and any wage should be acceptable during an apprenticeship.

Youth is enthusiastic and ambitious, full of energy and vitality. They are anxious to make the right necessary to carve out a successful career, and then they find that there are no jobs, no opportunities. And when year after year they vainly struggle, endeavoring to make a place for themselves, can they be blamed if they conclude that democracy has failed? They naturally form the conclusion that the New Deal is democracy. But democracy was left far behind when the brain trusters began to advise the President, and under such circumstances can we criticize our young folks if they become interested in "isms" of various kinds?

They have heard so much in their youth about "America, the land of the free and the home of the brave." They have read stories of the careers of our great men, most of whom began as farmer boys and who often climbed the ladder of success against apparent unsurmountable obstacles.

These boys and girls want a chance to enter this struggle for the prizes of life, but it is denied them. This is indeed a deplorable situation—no jobs for youthful citizens. It is indeed a disheartening indictment against the New Deal.

Business men have been deprived of the security essential to encourage expansion or promotion which gives security to the holders of jobs, and to add more employees under such circumstances would usually lead toward insolvency.

This represents what might be called one of the greatest tragedies that this nation has ever faced. Our youthful citizens should have jobs which would enable them to follow the bent of their natural instincts. They look forward to marriage and home building. We depend upon them to preserve the life of the nation. It is indeed commendable to help the old folks, the feeble and the crippled, but unless we give proper protection to ambitious youth—unless we can assure our young folks during the period of their greatest vitality of an opportunity to build homes, rear children, and thus perpetuate the race—we are tobogganing toward national oblivion.

And it is quite appropriate to call attention to our huge national indebtedness which the coming generations are supposed to pay. If we deny them the chance to acquire efficiency and balance through experience in the formative years of youthful enthusiasm, they will be "soured" all through life.

Approximately eight dollars per capita for every billion of indebtedness—that is their liability; and if they become stabilized self-supporting citizens, twenty dollars or more for every billion dollars will represent what they will be liable for in hidden or other taxes.

Every time our lawmaking bodies add a billion to our indebtedness, our individual liability increases as indicated.

Our pioneer ancestors objected to twenty-five cents per capita. Now it is $1,000 or more, with our indebtedness rising by the billion every year.

If you are paying off a mortgage on your home, remember that the national government may be adding to this liability faster than you can pay it. We must not forget that every dollar of our national debt is a mortgage on property of every kind throughout the nation.

When heavy expenditures of any kind are desired in any of the states, the voters have an opportunity to make the decision at the polls. But the national government can borrow up to the limit without consulting our citizens.

The war scare saved the New Deal from disastrous public criticism of their wasteful expenditures in the last seven years.

Bernarr Macfadden

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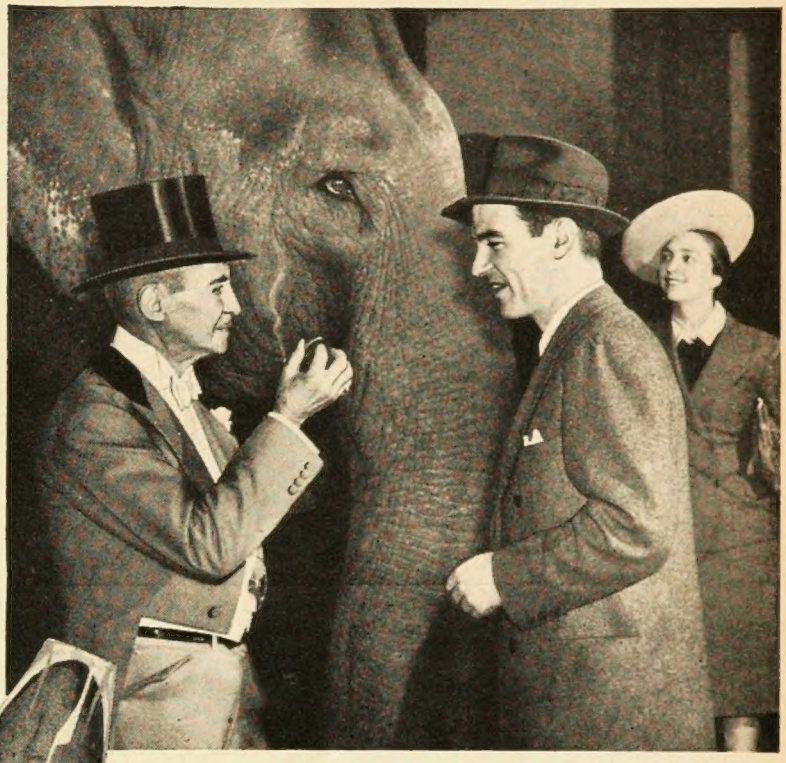
Back from Havana:—

FRED BRADNA okays Havana Taste of New White Owls



OWL: Say—Fred Bradna! What's the ringmaster of "the greatest show on earth" been doing down in Havana?

BRADNA: Heigh-ho! Visiting Havana—the wondrous, miraculous, indescribable metropolis of the Caribbean!

OWL: Bet you enjoyed plenty of those Havana cigars, too.

BRADNA: Ah—memorable, magnificent, mellifluous Havana taste!

OWL: Look—will you try this *new* White Owl and tell us if it's got an honest-to-goodness Havana flavor?

BRADNA: Ah! It's wonderful . . . marvelous . . . stupendous. But seriously, it does have real Havana taste!

WE MET Fred Bradna, famous ringmaster of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus, when he returned to New York from a vacation in Cuba.

Fred Bradna is known as a discriminating cigar smoker. When so famous a cigar smoker—just back from Havana, the cigar capital of the world—says: "The *new* White Owl has a real Havana flavor"—that's something to remember!

This *new* White Owl with its Blended-with-Havana filler has won thousands of new friends. For a luxury-tasting, mild Havana smoke—ask for the *new* White Owl.

NEW WHITE OWL—Today 5¢

New White Owls made in U.S.A. only

Copyright, 1940, by General Cigar Co., Inc.

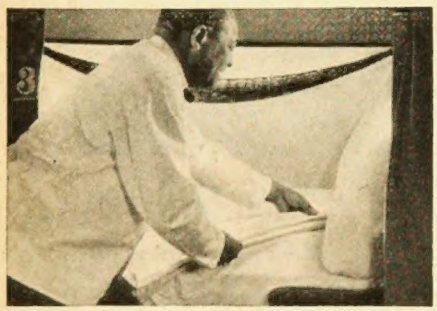
"It's the 'Civilized' Way to Travel!"

SAYS

Herbert Marshall

"Pullman is the ideal answer to my travel needs," declares this eminent movie star. "It gives me a chance to rest, sleep, catch up on reading in surroundings that are thoroughly comfortable.

"Pullman gives plenty of space, together with the kind of service that makes you feel at home. *It is the 'civilized' way to travel.*"



You wouldn't think of sitting up all night at home. Then why do it when traveling? Pullman gives you a real bed, privacy.

Plenty of room to make your toilet, with lots of mirrors, towels, hot water. Clean surroundings . . . Here's real comfort!

Think of it! A lower berth on an average overnight trip costs only $2.65*!

PROMINENT, BUSY PEOPLE like Herbert Marshall would not express themselves so emphatically about the advantages of Pullman travel if it did not suit them right down to the ground.

The purpose of travel is to get you where you are going quickly, dependably . . . *without discomfort or loss of sleep.*

Pullman does just exactly that for you.

Pullman gives room for every passenger to relax. Gives each passenger a genuinely comfortable bed to sleep in.

It provides the services and courtesies that make travel pleasant . . . gives a greater return in comfort on your dollar than any other form of transportation.

Consider the advantage alone of having a bed to sleep in at night. That alone can make the difference between discomfort and comfort on your trip.

Add up all these advantages and you'll go Pullman, the way that gets you there feeling fit!

Copr. 1940, The Pullman Company, Chicago

Go Pullman

***IMPORTANT!** The cost of a lower berth on an average overnight trip of 300 miles is only $2.65 (plus first class rail fare). For *extra* comfort take a *Single Occupancy Section*. Gives use of both seats by day and extra space normally made into an upper at night, at little over lower berth fare!

WHEN PACIFISTS ARE TRAITORS

AMHERST, MASS.—Thank God, and thank your editor, for the article by Rupert Hughes, When Pacifists Are Traitors (October 12 Liberty).

It says splendidly what has needed saying urgently for years. It should be read by every American capable of thinking and of guiding others. I'm begging the Reader's Digest to republish it in their magazine.

Can't you issue it in pamphlet form at low cost?

Please send me ten more copies, billing to this library. (It was good to see Buchman showed up, too, after all the sugary blah that's been poured on his hypocrisy.)—*B. B. Wood, Librarian of the Massachusetts State College.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—And now Mr. Rupert Hughes wants the eagle to scream again. It screamed in 1917-18 and its scream was shoved down its throat. I wish Mr. Hughes would elucidate on who is going to crush us. Surely not Germany. She can't even cross a 22-mile strip of water successfully. Surely not Japan. She is practically bankrupt fighting a nonresistant China. Surely not Italy, who can't swim *or* fight. Perhaps Mr. Hughes is referring to Yehudi.

I think Mr. Hughes is a belligerent nationalist. Nationalism breeds hatred, and hatred breeds war. As Henry Emerson states, "In our modern world, nationalism, with its attendant patriotic emotions and loyalties, has increasingly taken a form which threatens to be the chief rival of Christianity. When the world organizes itself on the basis of belligerent nationalism the very genius of the Christian gospel is at stake."

I say to Hughes, let the eagle scream. I don't think the Almighty will give His blessing to a people who sing "God Bless America and to hell with everybody else."—*John A. Carlson.*

SEATTLE, WASH.—May I comment upon Rupert Hughes' When Pacifists Are Traitors?

To place blame for the recent overthrow of "neutral countries" upon MRA is absurd. This group definitely advocates national unity and stresses the point that arms are of small avail without a "moral house cleaning."

MRA is striving to produce the very spirit with which Mr. Hughes would have us imbued.—*Elliott N. Couden.*

[The above letters are but a little flutter of the hundreds that came flying about our ears. Pro and con, the most noteworthy are from Kenaston Twitchell of Al Tahoe, Calif.; Miriam

Clifford of Augusta, Me.; B. F. Laposky of Cherokee, Ia.; Mrs. L. W. Baker of Klamath Falls, Ore.; Ralph King, Echo Portals, Calif.; John C. Peters, Albuquerque, N. M.; H. J. B. Hofmeyr, West Los Angeles, Calif.; H. W. Smith, Seattle, Wash.; Edith E. Dewey, New Haven, Conn.; (Rev.) Norman Schwab, Berkeley, Calif.; Mrs. M. R. Burton, Austinburg, Ohio; L. Batchelor, Buchanan, Mich.; Margaret K. Keller, Sioux City, Ia.; and Lyle V. Lee, Fargo, N. D.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

¶ **"Am against the conscription law until it takes in the men from fifty to a hundred," declares Mrs. F. Frey of Chicago, Illinois. "Those are the troublemakers—not our young men."**

YOUR CHIN AND NOSE

PONTIAC, MICH.—M. G. M. of Louisville, Kentucky, asked, "Which feature, nose or chin, indicates strength of character? And if a man has a weak chin and a strong nose, what's the result, or vice versa?" (October 5 Vox Pop.)

May I reply that the chin denotes physical strength or lack of it, and the nose denotes mental ability, or lack of it. A weak chin and a strong nose make an Andy Gump, and a strong chin and a weak nose made a Carrie Nation.—*Dr. F. C. Paderewski.*

HARD LINES

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—

And, speaking of heroic deeds,
Here's one that can't be done:
Just write a line for Vox Pop page
That pleases every one!—*E. C. Baird.*

¶ **"Must another serial about the love life of a dictator take up more of the valuable space in your magazine?" groans Robert F. Finch of Cumming, Georgia. "All I say for this type of story is a good loud *phfft!*"**

COLLEGE PRESIDENT APPROVES

HAMPDEN-SYDNEY, VA.—I want to thank Norman L. Sper for his Fifty-Fifty Football (September 28 Liberty).

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Dorne

Sis: You've got the notes. But where's the "oomph"?

Bud: What the Sam Hill is "oomph"?
Sis: It's "pep appeal," stupid. Something you haven't got. I'll bet you don't eat right . . . *you don't get your vitamins!* Come with me and I'll introduce you to them.

Sis: I heard the doctor say we need to get *all* our vitamins for pep. And right in that delicious cereal called KELLOGG'S PEP are extra-rich sources of two of the most important ones—vitamins B_1 and D.
Bud: Say! Where've you been keeping this? It tastes like a million dollars!

Bud: (sometime later) I'm leading the band tonight, Sis. Am I going to be hot!
Sis: Well . . . where there's pep there's hope!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of Vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of Vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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As president of a small college it appeals to me very much indeed, and I can only express the hope that he will begin a crusade along this line. The plan suggested by him is the only way I know of that would make it anything like reasonable for small colleges to play football much longer.—*Edgar G. Gammon, President of Hampden-Sydney College.*

REDEEMING FEATURES

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—What has happened to the good old Liberty we used to get every Wednesday? Nowadays all it has in it is a bunch of stuff and nonsense. There are only two redeeming features—Mr. Macfadden's editorials and Ted Shane's Cockeyed Crossword Puzzles. Let us have some more good stories like The Unbreakable Mrs. Doll. —*Mrs. Alvin Koeller.*

¶ "I have two pet peeves," admits D. W. Tozier of Pine River, Minnesota. "Bernarr Macfadden's editorials and Ted Shane's Cockadoodle Crosswords. Otherwise you have a very creditable magazine."

THREE DOUBLE-LETTER WORD

REDWOOD CITY, CALIF.—That word with three double letters following each other that Lynn Burt of Philadelphia (October 12 Vox Pop) had such a hard time looking for is *bookkeeper.*

What words are spelled with the same letters but have opposite meanings, like unite —untie? Try that on your thesaurus.—*Frank Dalton.*

TULSA, OKLA.—I submit *beerroom,* because it has three double letters following each other and in some beerrooms you will see people seeing double who are following each other.—*Luther E. Warren.*

SAY IT WITH MUSIC

CHICAGO, ILL.—From time to time you accept a piece which has some relation to music, but rarely if ever have you had your illustrator draw the conventional five lines with suitable clef and place therein a few measures of some well known piece of music such as Happy Birthday, America, etc.

If you did something like this, many of your readers who know music would go to the piano to identify the tune.—*Benjamin Franklin Affleck.*

"HARDTACK"

"Gee, pop, I guess I forgot to close the windows when I washed the car this afternoon!"

MR. SISK TO MR. NATHAN

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—George Jean Nathan's piece in October 12 Liberty on the O'Neill and O'Casey plays is splendid. It was good to see his quote from the O'Casey play—the one describing Wordsworth as "a poet singing the song of safety first." When I first read the play I thought that line the most incisive, biting thing I had read in years.

Has Mr. Nathan seen the film Ford made of Gene's sea plays? I'd like to be favored with his reactions.—*Robert Sisk.*

¶ "Tell Jim Crowley (September 7 Liberty) to follow football more closely," advises J. Shinners of Norwich, New York. "Colgate's perfect team was of 1932 vintage instead of '31."

DEATH RAYS AND ROCKETS

SIOUX CITY, IA.—Every day the daily papers carry stories and pictures of inventors with death rays and rockets. If these inventions work, then America need not fear any invasion at any time. Or does the army refuse to accept these inventions? So munitions makers can become millionaires? So millions will be given to the army for old-time weapons? —*Michael Pakeltis.*

WHAT'S A WIFE WORTH?

GRAND ISLAND, NEB.—The heathen may consider a wife worth only a pig or a few goats (October 12 Vox Pop), or it may be they think that getting on the good side of the girl's father is only worth that much.

Anyway, I wonder if they think the American man feels even less for his wife since he gets her for nothing.—*Willette Christman.*

M-M-M-M! CORNED BEEF HASH.
LET ME AT IT!
AND JUST WAIT TILL YOU TASTE THIS KIND! LIBBY'S-PERFECTLY MARVELOUS!
Libby's
CORNED BEEF HASH
TASTES BETTER—COSTS NO MORE, so naturally smart wives are serving Libby's Corned Beef Hash. Libby's is the kind husbands hanker for . . . plenty of fine tender corned beef; just the right amount of onion; zesty, but not too zesty, seasoning. For a grand main dish at about 5¢ a serving, get Libby's Corned Beef Hash. So easy, too!
32 LIBBY'S MEATS . . . EACH A FLAVOR TRIUMPH

BY GENERAL CHARLES DE GAULLE

WE HAVE ONLY JUST *STARTED* TO FIGHT

Free France speaks! . . A stirring, historic challenge

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THE so-called rulers of Vichy went to a great deal of trouble to find men who could be charged with the blame for France's military disaster.

Acting under Hitler's long whip and Mussolini's hammer, it was essential for them to show that France had been at fault in declaring war and that all those who had made the decision were culprits and must be punished.

To the men of Vichy, all those who saw that France was threatened are criminals; all those who said that France must fight are criminals; all those who refused to rush into bondage are criminals.

But these men are quite logical in their infamy, for nothing else will satisfy the enemy they have taken as their master, and naturally the capitulationists of Vichy have their own interests at heart. If they can succeed in making people believe that France was at fault in declaring war, then they themselves will appear to have been justified in putting an end to the conflict.

They might even make this insane argument seem reasonable: that they "saved" France by surrendering her!

So they hope. But I refuse to believe that the enemy and the "rulers" of Vichy can deceive the remaining free peoples of the world. I refuse to believe that they can deceive the peoples of occupied as well as of unoccupied France.

The sense of logic of the French is too proud and too firm. The Frenchman knows that those responsible for the collapse are not the men who wanted to defend France but the men who, while holding high positions in the government and the defense forces, betrayed their trust by not preparing France for the approaching conflict; the men whose responsibility it was to build a modern military machine for the country, but who, instead, refused to consider anything but the outdated conceptions of the past; the men who surrendered without calling on France's full, mighty strength of resistance.

France found herself driven back momentarily by a method of warfare for which her chiefs had not prepared her. In those first black moments of defeat, France might have doubted herself; she might have doubted her allies.

Blinded by despair, certain Frenchmen forgot the two thousand years of France's heroic past, the innumerable times when France, plunged to the depths, had risen again overnight and turned defeat into glorious victory.

But France is France. Her spirit has not changed.

Deep in the heart of her there is a secret spring of courage, fortitude, and reckless daring that always in the past has responded to the crisis and that now once again will astound the world with its irresistible strength.

Crushed, humiliated, surrendered to the enemy, already France is beginning to rise from the abyss to hurl back the foe.

I have good reasons to say that this fighting France of our ancestors is re-forming her forces for the struggle. There may be some confusion in her first blows for freedom, for the powers opposing her are ruthless and determined and their tentacles are sometimes cleverly hidden. But the new France will return to the battle with ever greater strength, and she will take her part with honor and glory in the inevitable victory.

For no Frenchman alive today has the right to have any other thought, any other hope, any other love, than the thought, the hope, the love of France.

And every Frenchman alive today knows his duty. It is a simple and hard duty, and it will be accepted gladly.

It is his duty to fight.

The enemy believed that with the armistice and the work of the capitulationists of Vichy, the war was ended.

The enemy was gravely mistaken.

For France retains some very valuable weapons. She has the spirit of her people. She has certain outposts of empire in strategic places. She has great forces over the sea that have refused to bow their necks in surrender.

A certain Italian paper said:

"France has signed an armistice and thereby admitted her defeat. We shall now teach France how to behave herself. There are several questions that cannot be 'negotiated' or 'bargained' about. One of these is Tunisia, which, without reservations, shall be included in the Roman Empire."

So says the Italian enemy. So he says! But the France that signed this armistice was not free France. Free France wants no part of it. Free France is determined to continue the war, with all her millions of people, throughout the thousands of miles of her empire. She will fight on, she will not perish, she *will* win the war.

THE END

READING TIME • 17 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

Du Barry 1940 the woman who ruined France

Now it can *all* be told — the strangest, most tragic story of modern times

PART ONE—A TELEPHONE CALL FROM FATE

IT was four in the morning.

Outside the gray grim walls of the residence of the Premier of France, a single sentry, treading the deserted pavements of the Place du Palais Bourbon, ticked off with measured footfalls the passing of another night of war.

War it was, and against a fearsome foe. None knew that better than Hélène de Portes, who awaited the dawn—as she so often did—wakeful and wide-eyed in the gold-leaf and antique-white boudoir of that great stone and marble house.

And what wide eyes she had, this Hélène de Portes, blue as the Paris sky would be with the coming of another day, pupils purple black like the purple black of her hair!

War? Yes—but a war which had so far caused Paris to deviate only slightly from its comfortable routine.

Even now, into the almost silent square from the neighboring thoroughfares came the faint rumblings of horse-drawn farmers' carts piled high with green vegetables for the early markets. This was, and always had been, the night city's symphony of material well-being. And in May, 1940, it was still being played. Whatever the fate of Laon and Sedan, of the Maginot Line itself, the Paris of Hélène de Portes would still have the *haricots verts*, the *petits pois*, the *aubergines* which would be the glory of next day's luncheon at the Ritz.

It was hardly to be expected that this woman, who ruled France and was to ruin it, should be occupied at this matutinal hour with thoughts of vegetables or of the significance of such humble matters to the world in which she lived. Hélène's thoughts—those who knew her best would have given odds on it!—were of power, more power for Paul, and through Paul for herself.

She knew, this woman—the purple-black pupils of whose eyes dilated and contracted with the speed which always suggests hysteria—that she already possessed more influence in the French political scene than any of the famous mistresses of Louis XIV had ever exercised, not excepting beauteous Louise de La Vallière and the Marquises de Maintenon and de Montespan.

But she was not satisfied. She knew, too, that if she played her cards right she could become the most powerful woman in modern Continental Europe. "I will be stronger than all the Chamber of Deputies," she had boasted to Mme. de Cosse Brissac; and perhaps, in these early-morning hours, she envisaged herself not as the "inspiration" of a premier but as the legal wife of a dictator of France.

But whatever the waking dreams of this modern Pompadour of republican France, this Du Barry 1940, she was not to enjoy them long; for presently the telephone was jangling in her ears.

Among fashionable hostesses it became quite the thing to have this garish little chit from Marseilles in of an afternoon.

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

ILLUSTRATOR SEYMOUR BALL

A slim bare arm groped in the darkness. A muffled voice whispered:

"Yes, he is here—naturally—but he is. . . . I *must?* Who says I must? . . . Oh!"

She lifted the gold-and-white instrument from the boudoir table and passed it across to the Premier of France.

There followed what seemed to Hélène an interminable wait, during which she switched on the dim night lamp, by whose rays she could now make out the blanched and ravaged features of the nervous, choleric, quarrelsome little man who was her companion on this night of nights.

"Gamelin!" said Paul Reynaud, when at last he thrust from him the instrument which had intruded on their privacy.

"Yes, I know."

"He says the enemy has broken through at Laon."

"What?"

"Yes, and two motorized divisions are marching on Paris!"

That was all. The man and the woman remained silent, as we are told one does in the presence of impending doom. But the woman who had snatched this man for herself, and France for this man, was not

one to let the situation go unchallenged.

Too much was at stake.

France's honor? Perhaps. But more importantly, her career, her jewels, her riches, her Paul, whom she had fought so hard to make the darling of the Bourse, the white hope of the Faubourg St. Germain, the favorite son of the snugly intrenched but revolution-dreading "two hundred families of France" who—to their shame be it said!—feared less a Hitler victory than a Hitler defeat.

"To act swiftly," Paul Reynaud once said, "is the secret of success."

But, man of action though he was, he was no match in quickness of thought for the woman to whom he now turned for comfort and advice. Long before he could make up his mind what the government, which had so long sunk its head like an ostrich in the shifting sands behind the Maginot Line, should do in this wholly unforeseen emergency, Hélène, Comtesse de Portes, had reached her decision. To keep for herself those possessions for which she had so madly fought, there was but one thing to do: to abandon Paris to the Hun.

ALMOST from the day Paul Reynaud entered the Quai d'Orsay as Minister of Foreign Affairs, Hélène had been "defeatist."

Looking back on those days, some authorities are inclined to think that she was in the direct pay of Nazi Germany. I do not agree with that theory. There were plenty, both men and women, high in office or in influence, who *were*. Of a recent Minister of Finance, who was known to be speculating in foreign exchange which could be made profitable only by a Hitler victory, it was said that he had "apparently been bought up by everybody but the French government."

But in Hélène de Portes' case I feel sure that ambition rather than money greed had been motivating her words and deeds.

Perhaps she had been a bit overinfluenced by her friends of the rich Right, the people who used to be in Biarritz for the fall, in Rome for Christmas, in St. Moritz for New Year's, in Cannes for February and March, in Seville for Easter, in Paris for the Grand Prix, in London for the Season, and in Aix for the baths; who crowded each August into a small village on the Norman coast and fought twice a day for tables in a small triangular "up-one-flight" restaurant on the village's main street; who spent the sunlit Norman afternoons jostling touts and plungers and mannequins in feverish betting forays at the near-by race track; who spent the moonlit Norman nights sitting around the tables of the casino behind piles of purple bank notes which grew smaller and smaller until the Deauville sunrise came at last to end a Deauville day. These people, most of them, had gone over to the Hitler cause before the war began.

Perhaps, on the other hand, she was just plain scared. A lot of people in political France were that—and with reason, for they knew what the public did not know: that the billions of francs which were supposed to have gone into military mechanization and adequate airplane defense had gone instead into their own pockets.

Anyhow, long before that fateful telephone call, Hélène had not hesitated to admit that she saw no possibility of France defending herself against Germany. Specifically, she had become violently anti-British.

"They want us to die, all of us, all of us French," she had said less than two weeks before at a party in a great foreign embassy. "It is their conception of duty."

At the time such remarks, though highly impolitic on *her* lips, were not considered tragically significant. As Clare Boothe implies in her eyewitness account of Europe in the Spring, everybody was doing it, or something very like it, in the circles in which this French Delilah moved. Hélène might have been far more indiscreet than she was and still have attracted very little censure in drawing rooms where nearly everybody was busy blaming everybody else; talking about the internal war between Frenchmen for political advantage at home, not the war to defend France against enemies hammering at her gates.

BUT now, after that telephone call at 4 A. M., no one could fail to note with shock and—because of her known influence with the nation's chief—with apprehension, the change which came over her manner, even her looks.

That very morning, before dawn, while Paul was rushing to the Ministry to consult with his associates as to what steps should be taken to defend the city, Hélène was telephoning her friends to say that all was lost. I talked with one of those who received her hysterical warnings. She seemed possessed, my informant told me, with but a single thought, and we now know that, in those small hours of that morning, she had already urged that thought on Paul Reynaud: that there was no hope except in flight.

We know, too, that the campaign begun that morning in that boudoir never ceased until her dead body lay mutilated almost beyond recognition on a mountain roadside near Bordeaux and the scarcely living body of Paul Reynaud—together with his predecessors, Léon Blum and Edouard Daladier, and his friend and ally Georges Mandel—was incarcerated by Hitler's orders in the prison château of Chazeron.

And so it happened—although Paul Reynaud apparently had no realization of it at the time—that in the sunless hours of that spring morning, behind the shutters of a Palais boudoir, was sealed the fate of France.

To the American mind there is much that is incongruous in the situation just described. We have known now and again a senator, a cabinet member, even a President, whose mind was said to have been made up for him by a woman. But such cases in our official life are rare. And the woman is almost always the man's wife.

Wives in France are also sometimes active in public affairs and affect drastically for good or evil the careers of their husbands and the policies of the government in which they serve. For a recent example, Odette Bonnet, wife of Georges Bonnet, Daladier's Minister of Finance, had long worked and schemed for her husband's advancement, and her strenuous efforts in his behalf during those last fatal weeks became the talk

of Paris official circles. Never did she give up the idea that her long, lean mate—whose own ambition has been said to be "even longer than his nose"—was about to succeed Reynaud as Premier. And she was not the only wife who was actively maneuvering behind the scenes before and during the fall of France.

The usual French method of feminine political control is, however, of a strictly non-wifely character.

What I am about to tell goes deep not only into the story of Paul Reynaud and Hélène de Portes, but into the disgraceful story of the fall of a great nation. It reveals a sordid, sex-ridden situation in high political places which, aside from every other factor, foredoomed the nation to disaster. But, in fairness, one fact should be kept in the forefront of our minds as we attempt to understand what would otherwise be, to us, in-

The woman who ruined France and the little man through her hold upon whom she did it—Hélène, Comtesse de Portes, and Paul Reynaud—and, at the right, Hélène's rival in politics, the Marquise de Crussol, who had been the "inspiration" of Daladier.

comprehensible: the American conception of sexual morality is one thing; the French conception—indeed the whole Continental European conception—is another!

Women like Hélène de Portes—"friends," "inspirations," "Egerias" of the political great—have from time immemorial ruled France, because the way to a Frenchman's political favor is through his girl friend.

Jules Romains, the distinguished author of the currently popular Men of Good Will, describes a scene in which a government minister synchronizes a learned discussion of foreign affairs with an amorous appreciation of the thinly draped anatomy of his mistress, and in so doing reveals that French formula for combining government business with personal pleasure which alone makes it possible for Hélène de Portes, a mere chit of a woman, to have ruled a once great nation in the hour of its greatest peril.

The novelist's heroine, like Hélène, was in love with a serious-minded and on the whole patriotic man; yet his hero, like Reynaud, was able to reconcile a regard for the welfare of his fellow citizens, who had placed their trust in him, with a close friendship and daily association which laid him open to pressure, even to betrayal. Neither man, we may assume, saw any incongruity in a situation which was as natural to him as the rising of the sun.

The fact that I have chosen my example from literature is not important. If it had seemed wise to choose a dozen examples from the lives of present-day French politicians—examples of which I have more or less personal knowledge—they would have shown that Paul Reynaud, in allowing himself to fall into the meshes of a beautiful woman not his wife, was doing only that which the average Frenchman regards as the accepted order of the day, or night.

The fact that this particular beautiful woman developed with the years into a scheming, overambitious *intrigante* who came between him and his friends, and finally between him and his country, was his hard luck and the world's.

The fact that he allowed himself to be dominated in matters of vital importance by the woman with whom he had thus become involved was a sign of unforgivable weakness. But even that was not unexampled among his colleagues. The beautiful Marquise de Crussol, described as Daladier's "lady friend" and hence Hélène de Portes' hated political rival, is said to have exercised an almost equally effective grip on her man.

Reynaud, who was extremely astute, undoubtedly realized this fact and was resigned to it—that is, to Hélène's continual pressure on him to do her bidding in political matters. At least he was able to recognize the result of such pressure when it occurred in Daladier's case. Once, when a friend criticized an appointment Daladier had just made, little Paul shrugged his shoulders and replied: "That wasn't his choice, it was hers"—meaning the marquise's. "You don't know what a man who has been at work all day will do to ensure an evening's peace."

IN some ways the marquise was a much more wholesome type than the countess. She was a great party giver, had a good time at her parties, and seemed to take a genuine pleasure in making sure that other people did too. But her party-giving tendencies may, in the long run, have been almost as disastrous to Daladier and to France as were Hélène's tireless political intrigues to Reynaud and France. Certainly her parties were not on the ascetic side, and neither, apparently, in his later years, was Daladier's way of life.

"He is very fond of a kind of absinthe drink known as *pastis*," said one who knew him well. "Daladier's *pastis* has been for years the delight of wags and cartoonists."

In this connection, publicity has also been given in print to the unconfirmed rumor that one of the reasons why Daladier, whose government had made seven separate official declarations of "loyalty to her treaty obligations," suddenly renounced those obligations at the Munich conference was that he had drunk too much wine at luncheon. In the forenoon he had reportedly stood firmly by his solemn pledges to Czechoslovakia; in the afternoon he apparently offered little resistance.

Paul Reynaud's self-indulgence was of quite a different sort. A woman friend who knew them both almost from the moment of Hélène's arrival in Paris twenty years ago—who, in fact, was one of those close friends

to whom Hélène telephoned before sun-up on that fateful May morning —told me a tale which seems most significant:

"The fellow workers of Reynaud were often struck at this time by the strange look of their chief and his irresolution. Sometimes in the mornings he would stare at them with glazed eyes and seeming lack of recognition and understanding when they mentioned matters of gravest importance which had been discussed at great length only a short time before."

"And that," I asked, "was due to what?"

"One has every reason to think that Hélène de Portes—who was no longer young and who was very tired —procured Paul from other sources distractions such as she had been capable of providing personally some years earlier, and one has reason to think that, to do honor to the situation, Reynaud must have had recourse to certain unaccustomed stimulants."

My friend fell into silence. Perhaps her thoughts had leaped, as mine had, to those boys who were being crushed to unavailing death on the blood-soaked fields of northern France while this sort of thing was going on in Paris. Then she added a final sentence with which, if we accept her theory, we must all agree:

"These facts played a considerable role in this lugubrious tragedy."

But we mustn't get ahead of our story.

Hélène Rebuffel—that was the name by which Paul Reynaud first knew her—was the daughter of a very rich Marseilles contractor who was reputed to be a stout monarchist. He and his wife, a most worthy and respectable woman, were prototypes of the purest provincial bourgeoisie. Consequently, until her fourteenth or fifteenth year Hélène was brought up in an ultraconservative home atmosphere. She could not move from one room to another unless accompanied by a duenna.

When the war came in 1914, Hélène insisted on the right to do her share in caring for the wounded. Her family finally permitted daylight visits to the local hospital, in the company of her sharp-eyed duenna. Once there, she was not allowed to go unescorted even to the linen room to count the towels and dressings.

But already, at fourteen, she was obsessed with what the French call "the wandering humor." She ran off with a young man from the hospital. When she did not return home, her distracted parents promptly put the police on her trail. They caught up with her before she had had time to wander far, and, since she was a minor, marched her home. However, although she had not seen Paris, she had seen enough so that it was no longer possible to keep her down on the Marseilles farm.

To appease her, the family finally moved to Paris and to a luxurious apartment in the fashionable Passy section. There, in spite of her extreme youth, Hélène immediately achieved great social success. In addition to ravishing beauty, she possessed a daring in word and action which appealed enormously to sophisticated Parisians.

Having plenty of money, she was able to dress the part of a thoroughly elegant but vaguely eccentric young lady. Even in her later years she was never one to follow fashions. She loved bright colors, especially brick red and sun yellow, but was wise enough to wear, for ballroom and boudoir work, the blue that matched her extraordinary eyes. With her street clothes she violated the best French customs by loading herself with baubles, knickknacks, little watches, gold pins, and I don't know what all. And her hats! In both shape and height they resembled nothing so much as the Eiffel Tower decked with flowers, fruits, vegetables, and smothered in colored veils.

Among fashionable hostesses it became quite the thing to have this garish little chit from Marseilles in of an afternoon to pour tea or help to circulate the *apéritif*. As a result, Hélène had unusual opportunities to meet the rich and great. Perhaps the older women considered her too young to prove a serious competitor for the attentions of their lovers. If they did, they were never more wrong in their lives. She drew the men to her, kept them for herself, and became less and less popular with the women.

And *then* this youthful belle, who had more male admirers than she could shake a lipstick at, suddenly lost interest in them all and absented herself mysteriously from the gay life of the metropolis!

So, on that early morning in May, 1940, when the telephone call from General Gamelin broke in on her daydreams, Hélène might, if she had been one to dwell upon the past, have been thinking of how beautiful she had been at eighteen, when she had first aroused the interest of a mannish-mannered woman of the world, and had gone to live, at her insistence, with her—and her husband—as the most gossiped about member of Paris' most gossiped about household *à trois*.

But Hélène was not one to dwell upon the past. It was of her future that she was thinking on that May morning. She did not give so much as a thought to the exotic life she had once led with that couple, or even to those bizarre, exciting days when the husband—the cold, the cynical, but the suddenly interested husband —had set himself to lure her back into her old gay ways.

The husband was Paul Reynaud.

What could have brought together this three-cornered household's members? The answer is—of all things—the League of Nations! How so? Next week Mr. Collins will tell you, and will uncover the strange course of events which led young Hélène to wed a count and leave him, and to resolve to wed and to make a great man of little Paul Reynaud in spite of his furious wife and at the cost of changing France's divorce law!

WHAT DEMOCRACY MEANS TO ME By Clark Gable

IN America there is freedom of opportunity for all. This is democracy's greatest gift to a free people. I know, because only under our form of government could I, and millions like me, have had the chance to find happiness and success in the kind of job we selected of our own free will.

For years my people were farmers. They found their opportunity on the land and were happy. My father wanted to work in the oil fields, and he did, and was happy. I wanted to be an actor. My qualifications were few. Democracy doesn't mean getting something for nothing. The important thing is that in this country there are no limitations to a man's making what he wants out of his life. It is entirely up to him.

There wasn't a chance for me to step from my job as a tool-dresser in the Oklahoma oil fields to the stage or the screen. I had to equip myself first. But I could sell neckties in a department store, drive mules in the hop fields, work in a lumber mill, and do a score of odd jobs until I reached Hollywood. I knew that the opportunity was there if I had the ability and the will power to keep plugging ahead. Democracy is unselfish. In Hollywood I found that those who had been successful were willing to help me. I didn't have to do anything I didn't believe in to get what I wanted. I could take freedom for granted, and concentrate on making the most of the opportunity democracy had given me.

That is the meaning of democracy for me—freedom of ideas and speech and action, new frontiers to conquer, liberty to fight for those things that have made life worth living, not only for myself but for all Americans.

THE END

REPRIEVE FOR A HERO

BY MILDRED CRAM AND ROBERT HYDE

A vivid, human tale of war as it is today, and a small boy's gallant, rewarded faith

READING TIME • 15 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

AS SIR Guy Newell neared his home, that late afternoon in August of this year, his pace slackened and, almost without knowing it, he took a deep breath and expelled it again in a noisy, satisfying sigh. His red-brick house, ivy-covered, mellow, was still there. He could see the chimneys above the trees. And the roof of the garage. The dovecot . . . It was always a relief, in these days, to find his hundred-acre kingdom unharmed. The rather long walk from the station would have been a pleasure save for the mounting dread which always assailed him.

In his official capacity he would hardly have been criticized had he used his car for the daily trip to and from the train. But in his private capacity as a citizen and husbandman, he saw that he could do without it. Edwin could quite well have met him with a horse and gig, for that matter. But here again Sir Guy's conscience interfered. Horses that were used for plowing and stump pulling all day had a right to their rest. Pulling stumps was a patriotic enterprise. By destroying some of the best shooting land in the country Sir Guy had already doubled the estate's arable acreage. Let the horses rest at night. He could walk—and did.

Tall and upright, with clear blue eyes, grayish hair cut short and well brushed, a trim mustache, he looked what he was: a colonel of infantry. The last war had deprived him of his left arm. He was out of active fighting. But useful still, thank heaven. At fifty a man can be of value behind the lines, if he has not allowed himself to grow rusty.

There were few people in the village street. "Any trouble today?" Sir Guy inquired of the cobbler, who was having a twilight smoke on his doorstep.

"No, sir. They came over, but no great damage."

"Ah. Good."

Just beyond the village, the low wall that surrounded Sir Guy's property climbed a small hill. At the top, red-brick posts flanked a broad gravel drive. Sir Guy noted with satisfaction, as he turned in from the high-road, that the last corner of the lawn had been spaded, mulched, and planted during the day. No vestige remained of the deep, springy, hundred-year-old turf. The first portions converted were already in full bearing with a fine lusty crop of Irish potatoes. The winding approach to the house had been narrowed to a mere footpath. But why not? In the salvaged space there was a flourish-

ing vegetable garden. And the few cars that came to Newell Court could quite well park outside the gate. Nowadays there was no visiting back and forth between the country families. No entertaining. No one ever drove up from the city. Too dangerous, with these blackouts. And then, people lacked the heart for pleasure.

As Sir Guy approached the house, the door opened and Jennifer came to meet him. Cool and lovely, as always, in a white dress, with her shining coiled hair, her dark brows, her red mouth. Their daily kiss of reunion had never lacked meaning. But since the war it had taken on a new intensity, something solemn and dedicated, grateful and exciting, as if with every meeting they renewed the first promise. Fifteen years younger than Sir Guy, Jennifer had always made him both proud and happy. She was practical, wise, and courageous—above reproach. She might so easily have demanded gaiety, the admiration of other men, travel, frivolity. But she was quite happy here in the country with her husband and her son. She was content to be beautiful and charming for them. I'm lucky, Sir Guy thought for the thousandth time.

They turned and, hand in hand, went toward the house. "How was it today?" Sir Guy asked. "Did it last long? Any near hits?"

"Nothing here. A peacock over at the Jamesons' was blown to bits. Edwin says the bird was standing on a rock in the orchard. They've always intended to blast the rock out. Now it's done for them! Tomorrow they'll plant four apple trees in the crater."

Suddenly Sir Guy missed something.

"Where's Bonaparte?" he asked. The red setter had never before failed to meet him.

"He's in the garage," Jennifer said. The mocking lightness went out of her voice. "I *had* to lock him up, Guy. The bombs drive him mad—the planes, too—even when they don't unload."

Quickly she changed the subject:

"I took Price to the doctor today."

"Price? Is anything the matter with him?"

As always where his son was concerned, Sir Guy was unreasonably anxious. He felt his heart contract and expand again with a sort of whirr, like a broken spring.

"Haven't you noticed," Jennifer asked, "how pale he is? Anemia, the doctor says. He needs meat. He *must* eat it, whether he wants to or not."

"Doesn't Price eat meat?"

"Not since the quota," Jennifer said. "You know why, don't you?"

Then Sir Guy did know why.

"Imagine his thinking of *that!*"

"He thinks of everything," Jennifer said—"just as you do."

They were silent for a moment. Then Sir Guy said:

"Then we'll have to get rid of Bonaparte."

Over his shoulder he saw Jennifer coming, followed by Nana and the maids.

"You mean send him away somewhere, don't you? To the kennels, perhaps?"

"I don't mean that," Sir Guy interrupted sharply. "You know quite well I don't! There are three reasons why we can't keep Bonaparte. In the first place, he eats as much meat as a man. In the second place, I can't think of any way to make Price eat meat except to do away with his reason for *not* eating it. In the third place, the dog's horribly affected by the raids. He might go mad. He might hurt you or Price or one of the men."

"Guy," Jennifer said softly. She met his eyes and smiled. "You know quite well Bonaparte wouldn't hurt any of us . . . ever."

Sir Guy sighed. He squeezed Jennifer's hand. "I know. But it's easier to pretend that he's dangerous. Price is giving his quota of meat to Bonaparte. Bonaparte must go. You see, my dear, it's no longer a case of what we *want* to do. We must think of our son's life."

Jennifer nodded, her face averted, so that Sir Guy might not be aware of the trembling of her lips.

"It will kill Price," she whispered.

"Where is he?"

"Having supper. With Nana."

"When he's done, send him to me. I'll explain to him—everything. He'll find me in the tack room."

"Very well," Jennifer said.

She went quickly upstairs, not looking at him again. Sir Guy stood for a moment in the hall, watching her, thinking how slim and young she was, how brave. Their life together had been perfection. Now it was threatened. Yet she never complained—never permitted herself the hysterical outbursts, the panics, the agonies of fear some women indulged in. Instead, she went on the assumption that every one in England faced the same danger—soldiers and civilians alike. She dressed as carefully as ever, saw to it that her house was immaculate, attended to her war duties, took care of Price and of the tenant families, scarcely pausing in her useful and busy existence to glance up at the sky.

SHE disappeared, and, with an impatient gesture, as if late for a rendezvous, Sir Guy went through the hall and crossed the courtyard to the tack room. Of all the rooms in the house, this was perhaps the pleasantest; it always smelled of saddle soap and tar balsam and gun oil. Here he kept his favorite books and prints, his pipes, his globes, and the mounted photographs of school friends, brother officers. A friendly personal room, very much his own. Jennifer came here only when she was invited. She never disturbed his things or criticized his taste. And, displaying his trophies, his mounted heads (he was an indifferent hunter), he always felt lordly and superior, conscious of Jennifer's admiration, her wifely pride and satisfaction. Some day, he hoped, Price would share the room with him. They would meet here on equal terms, father and son, and talk. . . .

Now, with a shudder of distaste and foreboding, Sir Guy took his revolver from its rack near the mantel. It was already loaded. Deep in his heart, unacknowledged, he had known for weeks that Bonaparte must go. The sooner it was over with, the better. Others had faced the issue for the sake of England, and, for the sake of England, he could. It was not alone because of Price's stubborn refusal to eat meat . . . the red setter required a soldier's rations . . .

He heard a light footstep outside, a hand on the latch, and, startled, he swung around, instinctively leveling the revolver. One's nerves were unreliable these days. One never knew . . .

IT was Price. The boy, too, looked frightened. His eyes were wide and dark, the pupils dilated. He was pale, and there were faint shadows, like bruises, on his temples. Perhaps he sensed why his father had sent for him. He came into the room reluctantly.

"Hello, sir," Price said. "Mother said you wanted to speak to me about something."

Sir Guy lowered the revolver.

"Yes," he said. "There's something I must do—something very difficult. I want you to help me, if you will, because I'm not sure that I have the courage to do it alone."

There was a brief silence.

The blue dusk of midsummer had merged into night. The shades were not drawn and, because of the strict orders, Sir Guy dared not light the lamps. He strained to see his son's face. Impossible in that blurring darkness. But he felt certain that the boy was fighting back a storm of rebellious tears.

"You're going to shoot Bonaparte," Price said at last, in a queer, strangled voice. "I knew that was it."

Sir Guy's fingers tightened on the revolver.

"Our sailors risk their lives," he said, "to bring beef from Australia. Men can't fight on a diet of bread and vegetables. They need meat. Do you understand?"

Price didn't answer.

"Blow your nose like a good fellow," Sir Guy said, "and we'll go out to the garage and get it over with. Bonaparte's unhappy. Frantic with fear. We'll be doing him a favor, Price. Setting him free."

Sir Guy hated the sound of his own voice. His heart beat painfully. He wished it were not necessary, tonight of all nights, this scene with Price. He was, he realized, desperately tired, unstrung; he had worried more than he realized; the strain of not knowing, until he actually saw his house, whether it still stood . . . The effort to appear indifferent, cool, even jovial, when all the time he was in a cold sweat of dread . . . Now he must ask Price to share this revolt-

ing responsibility. He would not consider the alternative: were he himself to put an end to Bonaparte, Price would think of his father always as a murderer. No. They must do it together—since it must be done.

Suddenly the boy touched his father's arm. Side by side they walked out toward the stables.

"Bonaparte's a very good watchdog," Price argued desperately. "Don't you think we *need* a good watchdog? In case of parachutists? The men are in the fields all day. And I'm only eleven. . . . I don't mind going without meat. I don't *like* meat."

Bonaparte heard their voices. He whimpered and barked. Price opened the door and let him out. He wanted to jump up on them, but restrained himself, writhing in ecstasy, wagging his flamelike tail. Three years old. Three years of learning and loving. Not long. Not long enough. Yet he had worn his own path into their hearts. Deep. With the melting gold of his eyes, the eager rush of his welcome, his humor, his fancy, his gratitude. Above all, his love of life. Life the quest, the adventure, the game, the adorable mystery. Unsolved.

"I don't *like* meat," Price insisted. His voice was high, tense, on the thin edge of breaking. "I wouldn't eat it even if . . ."

"You would if England wanted you to, Price," Sir Guy interrupted. "*Wouldn't* you?"

"Yes," the boy said slowly. "But if I don't eat my quota . . . if I don't *want* it, sir . . ."

"Then you should give it to a soldier," Sir Guy said. "Soldiers need beef."

HE was repeating himself over and over, not making sense. He had lost the thread of the argument. Why was it necessary to do this awful thing? And, sharply, unwillingly, he let himself remember his long walks with Bonaparte — the dog running ahead, exploring, like a red arrow, coming back to make contact, looking swiftly up with that melting recognition, that profound acknowledgment which no man deserves and no man can do without. . . . The patience of dogs. Their acceptance. Their faith. Damn the world, Sir Guy thought. Damn war . . . He felt himself grow cold, as if drenched with iced water.

"We'd better do what we have to do," he said thickly, "and get it over with."

He remembered, now. Price was ill. His son . . . He had had to choose.

He took two or three paces and whistled to Bonaparte. There were stars now, a faint phosphorescent glow over everything. Sir Guy would ordinarily have feared an enemy attack, and would have ordered the household to the shelter. Now he thought only that there was light enough to do this thing he had to do.

The dog approached obediently. A few steps. Then he sat back on his haunches, quivered uneasily, and, lifting his head, howled despairingly.

"You see, we can't have that," Sir Guy said. "It's bad for the morale. Horrible! A dog that howls for no earthly reason . . ."

"But he doesn't do that for no reason," Price interrupted. "He only does it when he hears planes."

"Well, we can't keep a dog that howls every time he hears planes," Sir Guy repeated. "When we aren't being raided, we need sleep."

"But Bonaparte doesn't howl at our pursuit planes," Price argued desperately. "He's a watchdog. He howled this morning because he heard enemy bombers. He hears them now! That's why he's howling!"

The red setter, head back, wailed like a banshee, half scream, half lament—the death sound, sustained, mournful, terrifying. It ripped through Sir Guy's heart like the sharp blade of a knife through silk.

"Come," Sir Guy said, with a touch of anger. "We mustn't lose our courage."

BUT Price refused to surrender the dog. He knelt beside him protectingly, his arms around the quivering silky body.

"He hears bombers, father. German bombers. Or maybe Stukas. He howls at Stukas, too. He wants us to run for the shelter before it's too late."

"That's nonsense!" Sir Guy cried. Yet he felt uneasy, and with a quick upward look reassured himself. Only the swarming stars, powdery, across the night blue of the vast arch of sky. Only the trees in motionless silhouette. And the faint bulk of the house, solid, permanent, hundreds of years old, dear, beautiful, *his* own. . . . "You're making excuses for Bonaparte, that's all, Price. You know he doesn't hear planes. *We* can't hear them. *Listen! Stop that infernal noise, Bonaparte!*"

The red setter obeyed. Shaking within the circle of Price's arms, he held his peace.

In the sudden silence, Sir Guy strained to hear the ominous approaching hum of predatory wings. *Nothing.* A chirping tree toad in the grove. The sleepy note of a bird. A faint rustle of leaves. That was all.

There were no listening devices in the village, of course. The community had to depend upon a telephone call from the city. Then some one rang the fire bell, beating frantically on a suspended hoop of iron. And the villagers scurried into their cellars, or into improvised shelters, if they had them, to wait until the raiders passed over.

"They always give us at least five minutes' warning," Sir Guy said. "You're imagining things, Price."

"Maybe they aren't coming across the Channel," Price insisted, still with that note of hurried desperation. "But Bonaparte hears German planes! I *know* he does. He always acts like this! He knows the difference!"

Again the red setter howled—a very insanity of howling, spine-chilling, desperate. It was worse than any air-raid siren Sir Guy had ever heard. It almost convinced him that the dog *did* hear enemy planes. But surely the city would have phoned a warning by now. Suppose these bombers *weren't* coming from the east this time, but from the north. Down from some captured vantage. A new maneuver. Unexpected. Suppose . . .

Suddenly Sir Guy started toward the house. Running. Stumbling.

"Go to the shelter," he commanded. "Hurry. Take Bonaparte. Call Edwin and the men . . ."

He reached the telephone in the hall and put through a call to the city. Thank God. Sir Francis himself! Not amused or skeptical. Steady. Listening. While Sir Guy explained.

"Of course it may be an absurd idea," he finished. Over his shoulder he saw Jennifer coming downstairs, followed by Nana and the maids. "We've had no warning here. Not a sound! But the dog is unusually sensitive. I thought I'd tell you."

"Right." The instrument clicked.

Two minutes later the iron hoop in the village clanged to high heaven.

They had time—just—to reach the shelter. Then a brief shattering madness tore their world apart and passed, leaving them with white strained faces and furiously beating hearts, but safe.

OUTSIDE again, in the blessed healing silence, they found the unblemished stars. And the tree frog began again, as if there had been no interruption.

Bonaparte ran ahead of them, his tail flying, frisking in the cool grass of the courtyard, snorting and sneezing the way dogs do when they're happy and proud. . . .

That was how it happened that a red setter owned by Sir Guy Newell was reprieved, and was awarded a pound of beef daily as his personal quota, along with His Majesty's thanks and a royal pat on the head.

"But you still have to eat your meat, Price," Sir Guy said.

They were planting the new craters—side by side, father and son.

"I like meat, sir," Price admitted, pausing to throw a stick, which Bonaparte retrieved. "But for a while—well, I just wasn't hungry."

"I'm not surprised," Sir Guy said.

And for some reason there passed through his mind the certainty that the day would come, soon now, when they could replant the lawn and widen the drive again and turn on all the lights at night and stop listening for the brazen clamor of the hoop. Life would begin once more to have purpose. It was worth fighting for—this precious certitude of continuity—England. . . .

Bonaparte laid the stick at his master's feet.

THE END

Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine!

Actual color photograph—Frank Brown, tobacco warehouseman, shows a visitor some fine golden leaf

GIRL: Mr. Brown, what counts most in a cigarette?

MR. BROWN: Why—it's the tobacco, of course.

GIRL: So that's why you smoke Luckies?

MR. BROWN: Right! And most other independent tobacco experts do too!

MEN like Frank Brown...who spend their lives buying, selling and handling tobacco...know that Luckies get the finer leaf—and Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine!

The more you smoke, the more you want a cigarette of proven mildness. So remember: authoritative tests reveal that for more than two years, the nicotine content of Luckies has been 12% less than the average of the 4 other leading brands—less than any one of them.★

You see, Luckies scientifically analyze tobacco samples before buying. So our buyers can select leaf that is ripe and mellow yet milder—low in nicotine content. For genuine mildness, why not smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke? Ask for Lucky Strike today!

★NICOTINE CONTENT OF LEADING BRANDS

From January 1938 through June 1940
Lucky Strike has averaged

9.46% less nicotine than Brand A
20.55% less nicotine than Brand B
15.55% less nicotine than Brand C
4.74% less nicotine than Brand D

For this period Lucky Strike has had an average nicotine content of 2.01 parts per hundred.

With men who know tobacco best—it's LUCKIES 2 to 1

What every young girl should know

AMERICANS drink more coffee than any other beverage except water.

They drink it first of all because they like it. But most people only vaguely realize that coffee sharpens the mind, improves reason and judgment and self-control, physical strength and accuracy of movements. These facts are all found in medical literature. And if you are like 97 out of 100 people, you don't need worry about sleeping, for the lift you get from coffee lasts only two hours.

So what every young girl ought to know, if she hopes some day to be a good wife, is how to make good coffee — morning, noon and night.

And the rules are simple: Use a heaping tablespoonful for every cup, and keep your utensils clean!

Published by the Pan American coffee producers, for the benefit of the American public, the largest consumers of coffee in the world.

Pan American Coffee Bureau
New York City

BRAZIL • COLOMBIA • COSTA RICA • CUBA • EL SALVADOR • VENEZUELA

Beauty quiz

BY ERNO LASZLO
noted Hungarian beauty specialist

HOW MANY OF THESE 40 QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

Grade yourself as follows:

35 Correct .....Excellent
30 Correct .....Good
25 Correct .....Fair
20 Correct .....Passing
Under 20 .....Failing

1—What made these women famous in beauty history: (*a*) Anna Held; (*b*) Irene Castle; (*c*) Ninon de Lenclos; (*d*) Kitty Gordon; (*e*) Jean Harlow?

2—What is a "beau catcher"?

3—What movie actress made her large mouth and wide shoulders such beauty assets that they became feminine ideals.

4—What ballads celebrate the beauty of (*a*) hands; (*b*) light brown hair; (*c*) dark eyes?

5—In what country did the shade of face powder worn by both men and women denote their rank?

6—What fashions did these royal personages make popular: (*a*) Empress Marie Louise; (*b*) Empress Josephine; (*c*) Queen Elizabeth of England (1558-1600); (*d*) Henry VIII; (*e*) Empress Eugénie?

7—What three modern beauty fads date from early Egyptian civilization?

8—Fill in the following familiar beauty phrases: (*a*) Neck like a ———; (*b*) lips like ———; (*c*) cheeks like ———; (*d*) grace of a ———; (*e*) eyes like ———; (*f*) hands like white ———; (*g*) teeth like ———.

9—At what era in history was it considered most alluring to have no eyebrows at all?

10—What beauty formula of Catherine the Great is still used by cosmeticians?

11—What did these have in common: Cleopatra, Sarah Bernhardt, Mary Queen of Scots, and Ann Sheridan?

12—What is meant by a "myopic beauty"?

13—Who said: (*a*) "She walks in beauty, like the night of cloudless climes and starry skies"; (*b*) "A thing of beauty is a joy forever"; (*c*) "All the beauty of the world, 'tis but skin deep"?

14—Who was the owner of "the face that launched a thousand ships, and burnt the topless towers of Ilium"?

15—What so-called blemish to feminine beauty has lately become chic?

16—What three Hollywood stars capitalized on their possession of this blemish?

17—Define these beauty preparations for the skin: (*a*) lubricant; (*b*) astringent; (*c*) skin tonic; (*d*) powder base; (*e*) emollient.

18—During what decade in the past fifty years was a boyish figure considered a beauty fault?

19—In what country is showing the nape of the neck considered indecent exposure for a woman?

20—What dictator country recently decreed that women must wear make-up, and why?

21—When and where was the first beauty queen chosen?

22—How does Queen Elizabeth of England disguise her high forehead?

23—What orchestra conductor is famous for the beauty of his hands?

24—What was considered the ideal waistline measurement in Civil War days? What is the ideal now?

25—When and where did depilatories originate?

26—Who invented perfume? What was it used for?

27—How did the use of perfume spread in Europe?

28—Define the following: (*a*) dermatologist; (*b*) podiatrist; (*c*) cosmetologist; (*d*) electrolysist; (*e*) beautician.

29—Vanity is considered a feminine trait, yet in ancient mythology it is represented by a man. Who was he?

30—When did beards lose a battle?

31—What Roman emperor brought beards back into fashion because he had warts and pimples?

32—How did the barber pole originate?

33—What was the origin of long, pointed fingernails?

34—Who invented false teeth?

35—How does coal tar figure in beauty culture?

36—What ancient Greek scholar compiled four volumes of formulae for beauty preparations that are still consulted?

37—What king had his hair cut in church?

38—Who were "the Macaronis"?

39—Who was called "the most beautiful girl ever to enter the White House"?

40—When did a mustache cause a workers' strike?

(Answers will be found on page 40)

FU MANCHU AND THE PANAMA CANAL

BY SAX ROHMER

A 1940 masterpiece of terror probes a dark maze of thrills and mystery

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 17 SECONDS

UNEXPECTEDLY Sir Lionel Barton, the greatest Orientalist in Europe, throws himself on the hospitality of his young newspaperman friend, Kerrigan, at the latter's flat in war-torn London. Because of mysterious riflings of his own home, Sir Lionel is positive that Dr. Fu Manchu is doing his utmost to lay hands on a certain chart of vast importance, which is in the baronet's suitcase at the moment. This document shows the position of a secret submarine base in the Caribbean that commands one end of the Panama Canal. The Chinese devil is concocting a gigantic plot against the white race and needs this chart for his machinations.

As Barton and Kerrigan talk they speculate on the whereabouts of Nayland Smith, the master sleuth who has dogged Fu Manchu for years. Suddenly, across the street, at an entrance to Kensington Gardens, Kerrigan sees Ardatha, the girl he madly loves, who had vanished two years before, presumably in the power of the Mongolian superman. The young newspaperman dashes out of the house to catch her before she disappears in the dusk, but Ardatha eludes him deliberately—leads him a futile heartbreaking chase, and when he returns to his flat he finds Nayland Smith there—Sir Lionel gone! Also Kerrigan notes that the precious suitcase is nowhere to be seen, and there are signs of a violent, even a bloody struggle.

"Fu Manchu!" cries Nayland Smith, who has been to the West Indies and knows of the submarine-base chart.

Together, the celebrated detective and Kerrigan get on the trail of an automobile numbered BXH77, which had as passengers the unconscious Barton and a Dr. Oster. It leads them to a house of mystery. Ardatha is there. So is Fu Manchu. Smith and Kerrigan see Barton gagged and strapped to a table. Over him is a yellow-faced doctor ready to plunge a hypodermic needle into him.

Kerrigan kills the doctor with a well aimed bullet.

PART TWO—DEATH . . AND A LOVELY PHANTOM

DON'T move, Fu Manchu! The game's up this time!"

Smith leaped into the room, and I was close beside him. The dead man slipped slowly to his knees, still staring glassily straight ahead as if into some black hell suddenly revealed, and soundlessly crumpled up on the floor. One swift glance I gave to Barton, strapped on the long table, and then spun about to face Dr. Fu Manchu.

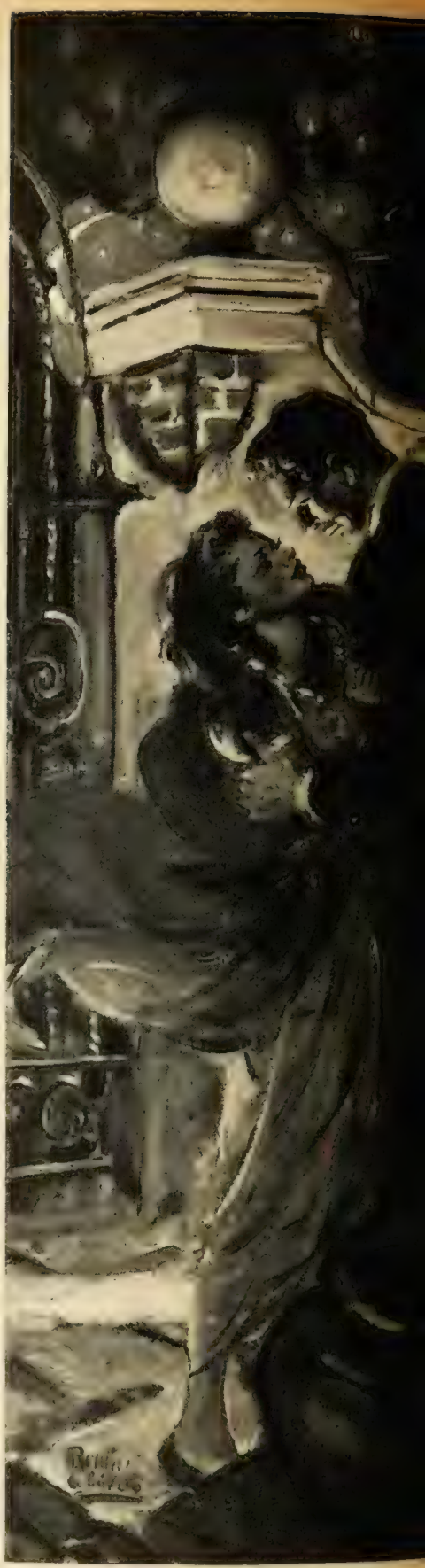
But Dr. Fu Manchu was not there!

"Release Barton!" commanded Smith, running forward. "Quick!"

I slipped my Colt into my pocket and bent over the table. Smith had wrenched open the glazed door; I heard a further crashing of glass. I tore the bandage from Barton's mouth. He stared up at me, his florid face purple. As I pulled out a pocket knife to cut the lashings, came the sound of a shot.

"He's gone this way!" Smith shouted. "Cut Barton loose and follow!" He disappeared.

Sir Lionel rose unsteadily and swung his feet clear of the table.



"You tell me"—her voice faltered—"that you love me. How can that be?"

The scent of hyacinths grew overpowering. A foreboding—almost, it seemed, a preknowledge of disaster—bore down upon me.

One of the flower bowls lay smashed on the floor. A draft of cold damp air bore the exotic scent of the

That man was a strangler sent by Dr. Fu Manchu. "Put up your hands!" I ordered.

blooms to my nostrils. The door by which we had entered, the door to the garden, was wide open; and now from out of the blackness beyond came the wail of a police whistle.

"Make your way through to the garden!" I shouted to Barton. "Smith is out there — he'll need help!"

Something in the scent of the hyacinths, in the atmosphere of the house, spoke to me of that Eastern mist out of which Dr. Fu Manchu had materialized. It was a commonplace London house, but it had sheltered the Chinese master of evil, and his aura lay heavy upon it. I ran out into the garden as one escaping.

As I ran down the path—it sloped sharply—I was mentally calculating the time that had elapsed since Sims, the Scotland Yard driver, had gone for a raid squad, and asking myself, over and over again, if Smith had been ambushed.

Except for a dismal dripping of moisture from the trees, the night

was uneasily still. I could hear no sound from Barton; but I had heard another sound, and it pulled me up sharply . . . a low whistle on three minor notes.

Switching off my light, I stood there waiting. The whistle was repeated from somewhere nearer; I heard footsteps. And now came a soft call. I could not catch the words.

Then a faint glimmer of light showed in the darkness.

I saw an arched opening. There, where reflected rays from the lamp she held struck witch fires from her disordered hair, stood my Ardatha!

Certainly I had never known, nor have known since, any wild conflict of emotions such as that which shook me.

SHE had seen me, and at the moment that she extinguished the lamp I saw she carried what looked like a shawl. She turned to run. I leaped through the archway. As I locked my arms around her she quivered and panted like a wild creature trapped; her heart was drumming against mine.

"Let me go!" she cried. "Let me go!" and beat at me with clenched fists, nor were the blows light ones.

But I held her remorselessly, perhaps harshly; for her struggles ceased and her words ended on a sound like a sob.

"Ardatha—Ardatha!" I groaned. "How I love you! How could you do it? I searched the world for you, Ardatha, after you left me in Paris. I thought you must be dead. I came very near to madness. I went to Finland—hoping to die."

She looked up at me. "I am so sorry," she whispered—"because you must mean—some other Ardatha."

"There is only one Ardatha. I was a fool to believe in her. Where is Fu Manchu? Where is Nayland Smith?"

She was silent for a moment. One nervous slender hand stole up and rested on my shoulder.

"You frighten me. I don't understand. You tell me"—her voice faltered—"that you love me. How can that be?"

"It has always been, since the first moment I saw you. It will always be—always, Ardatha. Now lead me to Smith—I shall not let you go until we find him."

But she clung to me, resisting.

"No, no! Wait—let me try to understand—"

I suppose, for the whole situation was illusory, dreamlike, that my grasp had changed to a caress; I had stooped to kiss her, liar, hypocrite, though she might be. I know that her voice, as she trembled in my arms, had thrust out everything else in the world except my blind hopeless love of Ardatha.

"No! You dare not!" She dashed her hand against my lips. I kissed her palm, her fingers. "I don't even know your name!"

I stood suddenly still, but I did not release her.

"Ardatha," I said, "has Dr. Fu Manchu ordered you to torture me?" At those words I felt a quiver pass through her body. She inhaled a sobbing breath and was silent. "I loved you—I shall love you always—and you ran away. You sent me no message, no word, even to tell me that you were alive. Now, when I find you, you say that you don't know my name . . . Ardatha!"

She crushed her head against me and burst into passionate tears.

"I want to believe!" she sobbed; "I want to believe!"

"Ardatha, my dearest, you *must* believe. How could I know your name—or worship you as I do—if we had never been lovers? You *have* forgotten—God knows why or how—and it *is* true."

She made a perceptible effort to control herself, and when she spoke, although her voice was unsteady, it had regained its natural timbre.

"I am trying to believe you—although to do so means that I must have had a mental breakdown and forgotten that too. You asked me where Nayland Smith had gone. He ran to the garage. It is straight along this path. I cannot tell you where Dr. Fu Manchu is. I don't know. But unless you let me go, I shall die—"

"Die! Why should you die?"

"Next time we meet, I will try to tell you." She pressed her face against my shoulder. "But if I am to believe *you*, then you must believe *me*. See—I trust you. I took it some time ago from your pocket—"

And she handed me my Colt!

I released Ardatha and stood there, the automatic in my hand, trying to adjust my ideas to a new scheme of things, when from far away, up near the house, came Barton's great voice:

"Have you found Smith?" he cried. "Show a light. I've caught something, and—"

I turned back and threw a moving fan of light on the path which led to the house. As I did so, an overpowering smell of hawthorn swept down upon me as if borne on a sudden breeze. Too late, a decimal of a second too late, I ducked and half turned.

My head was enveloped in what felt like a moist rubber bag . . . I experienced a sensation of sinking, not swiftly, but as if floating gently downward into deep clouds of hawthorn blossom.

I SEEMED to break through some brittle surface into a plane of violet light—and silence. There was a rapidly receding background, a memory of wild action, of the drip of moisture, of a noisome tunnel and moving water. Here all was still; nothing was visible in that luminous expanse. Then, a long way off, I heard the voice of Dr. Fu Manchu:

"A member of my family, a mandarin of my rank, is bound by codes stronger than bands of steel. For myself I ask nothing. I hold the key which unlocks the heart of the secret East; holding that key, I command the obedience of an army greater than any ever controlled by one man . . ."

This must be delirium, for no living thing was in sight. I was alone in a violet void.

"My power rests in the East, but my hand is stretched out to the West. I shall restore the lost grandeur of China. When your civilization, as you are pleased to term it, has exterminated itself, when you have reduced to ashes your palaces and your temples, when, in your blindness, you have set back the clock which so laboriously you fashioned, I shall stir. Out of the fire I shall arise. The red dusk of the West will have fallen, the golden dawn of the East will come—"

The voice faded, and at the same time that mysterious radiance also grew dim.

I was lying in a constrained position upon a cushioned settee which had a metal base, in a long, narrow low-ceilinged room which possessed no visible windows. It was lighted by hanging lamps and permeated by a charnel smell. I thought of the morgue. That half of the room which contained the settee or couch was unfurnished except for a tall glass-fronted cabinet. In this cabinet, preserved in jars, were all kinds of anatomical specimens: a collection so gruesome that I doubted the verity of this phase too.

There were several human hands, black, yellow, and white; there was a brown forearm; there were internal organs which I need not describe; and, half covered by a sheet of gauze, a decapitated Negro head grinned from the largest jar.

On a smaller bench there stood a low squat lamp, resting on what I took to be a block of crystal. It produced that strange amethystine radiance—and instantly I thought of the eyes of Ardatha.

With that thought came complete consciousness. . . . Ardatha!

Had she betrayed me? Had she tricked me again and left me to the mercies of Fu Manchu's thugs?

A DOOR hidden in the wall near a large glass-covered bench slid soundlessly open. I became aware of a sensation in my skull which resembled that experienced on quickly climbing to a high altitude. A man entered with slow, curiously feline steps, and closed the door behind him. He wore a long coat of what appeared to be varnished green silk. Turning, he stared in my direction.

It was Dr. Fu Manchu.

He was more emaciated than I remembered him to have been, and as he seated himself at the bench I noted the weariness of his movements. To one who had not met Dr. Fu Manchu, it would be impossible, I suppose, to convey any idea of the peculiar force which he seemed to project.

With the exception of Nayland Smith, I had never known one who could stand up to it. And now, alone with him in that long, narrow, sin-

ister room, silent save for the hiss of a Bunsen burner, I recognized the fact that this power emanated entirely from his strange green eyes.

His imposing figure, tall, angular, high-shouldered, lent him a sort of grotesque majesty.

I had sprung up at the moment of his entrance. Now he spoke.

The effort of speech was terrifying. It came to me suddenly as a conviction that Dr. Fu Manchu was very near his end. It was as though a magician had conjured back a soul into a body that had been dead for generations.

"I trust that you are conscious of no nausea or other unpleasant after-effects. My fellows are adept with their knives and strangling cords, but clumsy when employing more subtle methods."

I plunged my hand into my pocket; it was a gesture of resignation—but my fingers touched the automatic. . . . I had not been disarmed!

"You seriously inconvenienced my plans, Mr. Kerrigan, when you shot Companion Oster. Dr. Oster was a licentiate of Heidelberg and held also a minor London degree. His qualifications, therefore, were limited. Nevertheless, he was useful. Your own powers of observation being not entirely undeveloped, no doubt you noted that his skin displayed unusual pigmentary characteristics?"

THAT intolerable gaze brooked no denial. I replied, "He was yellow as a lemon."

I was clutching the Colt and saying to myself, "You did not hesitate in the case of the lesser scoundrel. Why hesitate now?"

"Exactly. This was due to the nature of the experiments which he had carried out under my direction. Be good enough to glance into the cabinet on your right—but avoid crossing the red line which you may have seen painted on the floor."

I had not seen the red line; but I saw it now—an inch-wide band extending from wall to wall just beyond the cabinet which contained the anatomical specimens, and dividing the long, narrow room into equal parts. I moved forward; it suited me to do so: it brought Dr. Fu Manchu into a range at which I could not possibly miss him.

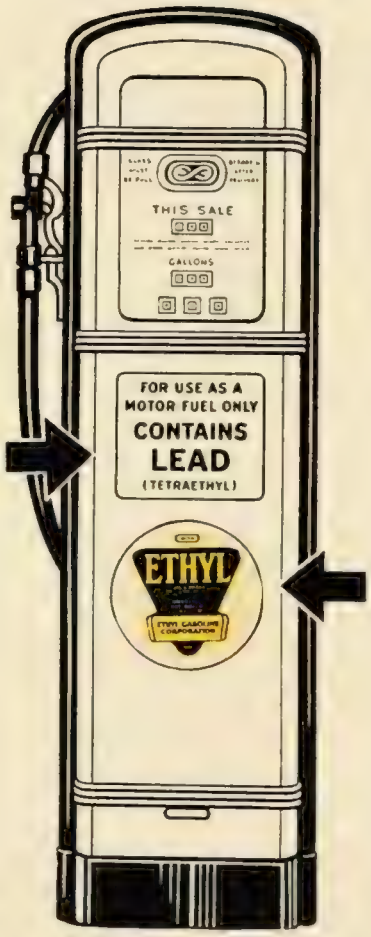
"The hands of the Negro," he went on, his voice low and sibilant, "are of particular interest. Do you agree with me?"

Conquering nausea which threatened to return, I looked at those gruesome fragments. On close inspection it became apparent that they were not true black nor even brown, but rather of that deep purplish green which is present in some cultivated tulips. I became fascinated.

"Note the white forearm. It is that of a lascar. The bright yellow hand labeled G was contributed by a blond Bavarian youth. . . ."

Turning to Dr. Fu Manchu, I snatched the Colt from my pocket,

Here are the signs of improved gasoline



THIS SIGN on a gasoline pump means that lead tetraethyl, a liquid, has been added to the gasoline to improve its anti-knock quality. "Leaded" gasoline is sold by dealers throughout the United States and Canada. Lead tetraethyl is manufactured by the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation.

THE "ETHYL" EMBLEM on a pump or its globe means that the gasoline contains enough lead tetraethyl for highest anti-knock, so that your engine's spark can be advanced closest to the point of maximum power and economy, without "knock" or "ping."

The better the gas— the better your car!

took deliberate aim, and fired not at his head but at his heart . . . to make doubly sure of ridding the world of a monster, I fired twice!

Dr. Fu Manchu smiled!

"They were live cartridges; they had not been exchanged for blanks. I wished you to attempt to add me to your bag, but I observed that you aimed at my breast. The brain, Mr. Kerrigan, and not the heart, is the seat of power. The ancient Egyptians knew . . ."

But I had turned away. I tossed the Colt onto the settee and dropped down beside it. I had witnessed a miracle, and I was shaken to my soul.

Fu Manchu's voice again broke through the blanket of stupor which had settled upon my brain.

"A consciousness of cerebral pressure is relieved, no doubt? You experience a sense of restful silence. The explanation is a simple one. If you will be good enough to leave your automatic where it lies and accept this chair, we can approach the real purpose of our interview."

One clawlike hand was stretched across the bench, indicating a metal chair.

With some of the feelings of a whipped cur, I rose and moved forward. At the red line I paused.

"You may cross safely."

I crossed and dropped down in the chair facing Dr. Fu Manchu. Save for the hissing sound of the Bunsen burner, the room was silent. Dr. Fu Manchu rested his chin upon one skeleton hand. His proximity imparted a sense of chill, as though I sat with a corpse.

YOU observe, Mr. Kerrigan, that I am employing those primitive methods here which gave Paracelsus such excellent results and by means of which van Helmont performed his transmutations. But before we proceed to the subject of my present experiments — a subject of some personal interest to yourself" —at those words my heart grew cold —"it is only fair to explain why your bullets failed to reach me."

I clenched my teeth.

"When you were very young, Dr. Sven Ericksen died, and the newspapers of the world were filled with stories of the Ericksen ray which that distinguished physicist had never perfected. Although legally dead, he has since completed his inquiries, with some slight assistance from myself."

This statement evoked ghastly memories, but I remained silent.

"The so-called ray is in fact a sound wave, or chord. Ericksen discovered that a certain combination of incalculably high notes, inaudible to the human ear, could reduce nearly any substance to its original particles. It was a problem of pure physics: that of disturbing harmonic equilibrium. A belt or curtain of these sound waves can be thrown across this room by merely depressing a switch. Continued exposure to such vibrations, however, is highly injurious. Therefore I have disconnected the apparatus."

I looked up quickly, and as quickly down again. Dr. Fu Manchu was watching me; and even when veiled contemplatively I could not sustain the regard of those magnetic eyes.

"Your bullets are still present—not in the form of lead and nickel but in that of their component elements; they are disintegrated. The importance of this discovery it would be difficult to exaggerate. I am acquainted with only one substance capable of penetrating a zone protected by Ericksen chords . . ."

I heard a faint buzzing sound—and all the lights went out!

I SPRANG to my feet. Out of impenetrable gloom came the imperious voice, guttural now:

"Pray remain seated. Owing to certain extemporized measures, power in the laboratory is controlled from an outside switchboard—and it has been cut off. This means an air-raid warning, Mr. Kerrigan, but it need not disturb you."

With courage greater than I had ever known in the visible presence of Dr. Fu Manchu, I said:

"You appear to be dangerously ill."

And the ghostly voice replied:

"I have brought myself close to death. Science is my mistress and I serve her too well. You may have noticed a small lamp (it is extinguished now) producing a violet light. The condition in which you find me is due to my experiments with this lamp. The green jacket I wear affords some slight protection; but no one can sustain these emanations without suffering permanent injury. . . . But you remain standing."

I sat down.

"I have submitted certain proposals to Sir Denis Nayland Smith," he went on. "Although, thanks to my recovery of the chart found by Sir Lionel Barton, I can take suitable precautions, any interference with my plans in the Caribbean may alter the world's history. You are my hostage. If Sir Denis refuses to pay your ransom (I gather that you hold a minor science degree), I shall invite you to take the place of Companion Oster—of whose services you deprived me—and to carry on those inquiries, under my direction, which his death has interrupted."

A cloud of horror swept down upon me as I listened to his words. What reply I should have made to that monstrous statement, I cannot say. Although I had detected no movement, Dr. Fu Manchu had retired from his place on the other side of the glass-topped bench, for when he spoke again it was from beyond the hidden doorway:

"I must leave you for a time, Mr. Kerrigan. I strongly urge you to remain seated. Many of the objects here are lethal. I will arrange for the lamps to be relighted. You may smoke if you wish."

A faint sound indicated that the door had been closed.

I was alone—alone with the violet lamp which blinded, which changed men from white to yellow, which had shattered the supernormal constitution of its Chinese creator.

Fumbling in my pocket I learned that my torch remained undisturbed. I flashed a ray about that awesome room. It glittered momentarily upon my Colt lying on the couch. It brought to life the head of the Negro grinning in the big jar, and lent uncanny movement to those discolored hands which forever had ceased to move.

I stepped toward the red line.

"Consciousness of cerebral pressure," mentioned by Dr. Fu Manchu, was not perceptible; the Ericksen apparatus remained disconnected. I crossed the red line and took up my automatic. At the moment that I retrieved the Colt, an abnormally tensed sense of hearing told me that the sliding door had been opened.

IN a flash I had turned, a ray focused on the wall behind the bench, my finger alert on the trigger. Consternation threatened me as the torchlight wavered on a gigantic figure framed in the doorway. It was that of a herculean man who wore a white robe and a red sash, a tarboosh on his head. His thick lips, flattened nostrils, and frizzy hair were those of a Nubian—but his skin was white as ivory!

Common sense dispersed fantasy. That man was a strangler sent by Dr. Fu Manchu to dispatch me. . . .

"Put up your hands!" I ordered.

Blinking in the light, the white Negro obeyed, raising thick sinewy blond hands, and:

"Not so loud, sir," he said hoarsely; "you spoil your chances if you speak so loud."

That he spoke English, and spoke with an American intonation, provided a further shock. His seeming friendliness I distrusted.

"Who are you? What do you want?"

"My name Hassan, sir. I want help you—"

"Why?"

"White Lady wishes." He touched his brow as he spoke. "When White Lady wishes, Hassan obeys."

And now my heart gave a great leap.

"The White Lady—Ardatha?"

Hassan touched his brow again.

"Her family I serve, and my father, his father before—long, long time before. White Lady's order more high than Master's order, more high than any but God Almighty. Follow Hassan."

"Lead the way," I said, and stepped forward. "I will use my torch."

"No light," he whispered—"no light. Take my hand."

As I had reached the Nubian's side and switched off my torch, those blinking eyes had told me the truth: Hassan was blind.

"No sound," he said, in a low voice. "Hassan sees with inner eye. Trust Hassan."

Along a short passage apparently covered in rubber he led me. We crept up a stone stair, and stood at the top for awhile. I thought that Hassan was listening. I could detect no sound, no glimmer of light.

His grip tightened suddenly, and he dragged me sharply to the left for three paces, and then stood still again.

Faint footsteps sounded — grew nearer—louder. A beam of yellow light shone past an arched opening not ten feet from where we hid. I watched, holding my breath. The moving rays revealed a stone passage. And now came the bearer of the light—a short stocky brown man (one of Dr. Manchu's Burmese bodyguard). He carried a hurricane lamp. He passed. Behind him came two others—they bore a body on a stretcher.

They, too, passed; the sound of footsteps faded, the light grew dim, complete darkness returned.

The most dreadful premonitions attacked me; I grew sick with dread. Whose was the muffled body?

"Ss!" Hassan hissed, and led me on.

Our route lay in that direction from which the bearers had come; and just as I thought I detected a faint light ahead, a sound echoed hollowly through the stone passages, a sound which robbed me almost of my last spark of courage. It was the note of a gong!

Hassan stopped dead. He bent to my ear.

"That call for me," he whispered. "Must go. Listen very careful. Straight before is opening—wide and high. River below—very far below. But iron ladder straight under opening. Take much care, sir. Barge lie there; tide rising. If some one is on barge—shoot. Then wade through mud to wooden steps beyond bows. . . ."

A second gong stroke reverberated through the building.

"Hurry!" Hassan whispered. "Hurry!"

He released my hand and was gone.

THE prospect was not pleasing, but I preferred a broken neck to the fate in store for me at the hands of Dr. Fu Manchu. I set out toward that distant glimmer. I had formed a mental picture of the "opening—wide and high" and having no desire to plunge headlong into the mud of the Thames, I ventured to use my light. At sight of what lay before me, my hopes were dashed.

This was an old warehouse. The passage led to wide double doors beside which I saw rusty winding gear. There was an iron-barred opening in each of the doors—which were closed and locked. . . .

I was trapped!

Although my spirits had touched zero, I went on to the doors and tried the heavy padlock. It was fast. Cold

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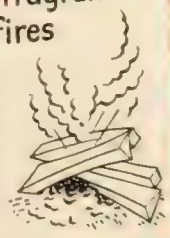

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Spic-and-span kitchens throughout the country also make many "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" table-ready meats . . . Meat Loaf . . . Braunschweiger . . . Cervelat . . . Lunar Loaf . . . Bologna . . . Salami . . . Liver Cheese . . . Cheemeat . . . Pot Roast of Beef . . . Ham, Delicatessen Style. Look for the "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" seal of top quality!

damp air came through the grilles as I stared out hopelessly. So dark was the night, so far below the river lay, that I could have formed no impression of the scene if searchlights on the sky had not helped me. The blackness was slashed by swords of silver. They formed a changing pattern in the sky, and this was reproduced in the oily mirror of the river far beneath.

From the distance of buildings dimly discernible on the farther bank, which I assumed to be the Surrey shore, I judged that I was well below bridges and in the heart of dockland. But that great heart pulsed slowly tonight. A red glow here, a vague iridescence there, and an uneasy hum, like that of a vast hive imprisoned, alone represented the normal Wagnerian symphony of London. Above, the questing searchlights; below, a *pianissimo* in the song of industry until the hawk's shadow should pass.

Turning, with a smothered groan, I looked back along the passage.

At a point which I estimated to be beyond that at which Hassan and I had hidden, a bar of yellow light lay across the stone floor. Action was imperative. Walking softly, I approached this bar of light. Apart from fears of a personal character, I was filled with the wildest apprehensions concerning Smith. A theory to account for my presence in this deserted warehouse had occurred to me; for I had recalled that the Regent Canal came out at Limehouse.

Along that gloomy waterway, with its cuttings and tunnels, I had been transported from the house in Regent's Park . . . the body I had seen borne on a stretcher had followed by the same route. . . .

I stumbled, stifled an exclamation, and managed to fall softly.

There was a gap in the stone paving, and I lay still for awhile; for I had fallen not two feet from the bar of light, and as I had tripped I had seen a shadow move across it!

Some one was in the place from which the yellow light shone.

The next few moments covered long agonies of doubt. But apparently I had not been detected. Carefully moving my hands, I tried to find out what lay between me and the light. A discovery soon came. I had tripped and fallen on a square stone landing from which steps led down to a sunken door. It was from an iron-barred window beside this door that the light was shining.

Inch by inch I changed my position, until, seated on the steps, I could look into a cellarlike room illuminated by a hurricane lamp set on a crate. From this position I saw a strange thing. Because of the imperfect illumination and my angle of vision, at first I could not altogether make out what it was that I saw.

A pair of sinewy hands were working rapidly upon some mysterious task. Bare wrists and forearms I could see, hairy and muscular, but of the head and body of him to whom they belonged I could see nothing. A faint tearing sound and a sort of hiss gave me the clue at last. The man was stitching something up in sailcloth: I could just make out a shapeless bundle.

In the almost silent activities of this powerful man there was something indescribably malignant. Who was he, and what was he doing in the cellar?

Observing every precaution, I slightly changed my position again until I could see quite clearly the nature of the bundle which the sailmaker stitched.

It contained a human body!

The worker had started at the feet and had completed the shroud of sailcloth up to the breast.

I closed my eyes for a moment, clenched my teeth. Then I moved farther down. The body lay on a stout bench and from my constrained position it was still impossible to see more than the arms, up to the elbows, of the worker.

But I saw the face of the dead man. . . .

Who is the dead man? Can it be Sir Lionel Barton or Nayland Smith? Where is Ardatha? Has the invincible Chinaman spirited her away? What is Fu Manchu's next move in his superman plot? In next week's Liberty there are developments beyond your wildest imagination!

"MY JOB'S A PICNIC.."

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YES . . . a vital difference in manufacture . . . brings *to you* a vital difference, of smoking enjoyment without smoking penalties. For, as a group of distinguished doctors found*

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WILL JAPAN fight THE U-S-A-?

Exclusive! Tokyo's editors give daringly frank replies

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

If there are "war clouds over the Pacific," how do they look from the Japanese side? That America may see for itself, Liberty here presents the views of five leading Japanese newspaper editors. As you will notice, all five say much the same thing, even though one or two say it sweetly while others snarl it: Japan will impose her "predestined new order" upon the entire Far East—or else!

WILL Japan fight the United States?

The only men in Japan who can really answer are the journalists, who—getting their orders from the Foreign Office—regulate the thinking of the army and the masses. Because their positions are but semi-official, they can afford to be franker than the Konoyes and the Hatas.

Here, then, exclusively for Liberty, are the answers of Tokyo's five leading newspaper editors, ranging from Shingoro Takaishi, head of the Tokyo Nichi-Nichi and the Osaka Mainichi, which use eight airplanes to help gather news for three million readers, to Kimata Goto, head of the pro-Nazi Hochi Shimbun, which is said to be controlled financially from Berlin.

By Taketora Ogata

Editor of the Tokyo Asahi Shimbun

FIRST of all, the American people should clearly perceive and define their own position with regard to the Far Eastern situation. And next, from that position they should fundamentally observe the course Japan is taking and then explain their attitude toward the Japanese people. For Japan has fundamentally considered its own position in the Far East with regard to the world and the future of the Japanese race and is taking action from those considerations.

Japan believes that no part of the Far East should be suffered to be in a colonial or a semicolonial state under the control of Europe, the Americas, or the Soviet Union. It believes that the Far East should be free from the yoke of rule by any other part of the world. If this view is thought wrong, then we insist that it should be made clear exactly why or where it is wrong.

And when Japan aims at the autonomy of the Far East, what is there irrational about Japan assuming the role of a leader? What country in the Far East except Japan would take the leadership in the undertaking, for instance, of turning the natural wealth of China to economic purposes through the mechanism of modern industry?

With regard to the future of the Japanese race, the whole Japanese nation is as one. The attitude often taken by America toward Japan—as if it were a country divided into two sections, the army and the civilian population—is very dangerous, especially at the moment.

What Japan proposes is to put the Far East in order and thereby participate in the responsibility of the construction of a new world order. It is her hope that America will put its own politics and economies in orderly shape and thereby participate in the same responsibility. It will be Japan's part to construct a new Far East in its own way.

In the face of America mobilizing its colossal material resources to expand its armaments, we remain quite unperturbed. We have no intention whatsoever of invading America. We know that should America invade East Asia, we should simply have to defend it. We also know that if we competed in this armament expansion, we should only play into the hands of America contriving for a race of attrition.

It should be known that Japan does not much relish being considered as a child, and would neither be intimidated by threat nor cajoled by any sort of false promise.

The world order that is of British and American conception, and that has ruled the world, is now being threatened both externally and internally. America is quite free to show attachment to this world order. But there is no reason to think that its view should be imposed on other nations. And it would be even more wrong if America were to approach Far Eastern peoples in the name of civilization and place them in a state of colony for all time.

Would Japan go to war with America? The answer is quite simple. It all depends on America.

By Yusai Takahashi

Editor of the Tokyo Yomiuri

THERE is nothing that should make a war between Japan and the United States inevitable. Various conditions can make for war. One is that two countries adjoin. Japan and the United States are separated by a very wide sheet of water. Consequently they will never have any border issue to bring about conflict. Another condition is that two countries have such histories as to make their armed conflict unavoidable: France and Germany are an instance.

Japan and the United States have always been on good friendly terms, at least until recent years. Now, while in America admirals and other men have been freely talking of the possibility of Japan and America going to war, and of a need of acquiring Singapore and Hong Kong as American naval bases, there persists on this side of the water an impression, which is fairly general, that "we are at least still friends with America."

In trade Japan and the United States are complementary to each other. With regard to third markets they have little to quarrel about, since Japanese exports are not what the United States wants to sell.

As for politics, Washington has stressed its special interests in North and South America by declaring its Monroe Doctrine. To say that Japan has any reason to attempt a political advance into either of these continents would be absurdity itself. Japan's sole interests in Central and South America are a handful of farm lands that its emigrants hold in Brazil and trade whose value is almost negligible. Of course Japan hopes that its trade with those countries will grow, but, no matter how it may grow, it cannot possibly encroach upon the American trade to any serious degree.

The only question is how far America is to go in understanding conditions Japan faces both within and without its border, and how far America will be fair-minded. That the population of Japan is increasing, and its limited land and material resources are incapable of sustaining this growing population, must be well understood by all Americans who have taken any interest in Japanese questions. But there is another point that is often overlooked: With the rapid advance of the cultural life of the people, the standard of living is rising at a fast pace in Japan. It is still considerably lower than that of countries like the United States. When, however, the country itself is developing and rising to power, there is no question but that the level of national living should likewise rise. Altogether, the nation must perforce seek somewhere an outlet for its expansion and new material resources to sustain itself.

This inexorable force of racial expansion is now finding its expression in East Asia. All this, however, is not to say that Japan has territorial designs on any part of East Asia. On this point better understanding will be possible in the course of time than now when hostilities go on in China. Those who are disposed to take a long-range view will unquestionably be convinced that Japan has no intention whatever of interfering with the economic rights or interests America has in China.

The conclusion is plain. When or if the United States deliberately tries to check or impede Japan in its racial expansion and growth, then, and only then, would there be any possibility of war.

By Kimata Goto

Editor of the Tokyo Hochi Shimbun

THIS is the most turbulent time in the history of the relationship between Japan and America. The state of things, however, is not devoid of ways for improving the atmosphere. If only the United States would take the trouble to understand the legality of Japan's endeavor to establish a Far Eastern solidarity sphere, all threatening clouds would melt into air.

Our country's project was born of the new spirit of the times, which brought in a tendency to a new European order. It is an unavoidable necessity, a fatal process of development. Also, it was a primary aim of our huge enterprise that we should thus be able to save all Far Eastern nations from the Red menace and the hard pressure of the whites' imperialism, and, incidentally, to share with them all political and economic boons.

We are only following in the wake of Soviet Russia and the United States itself in our attempt to usher in East Asian solidarity. The world is already aware that solidarity spheres are being built up centered around the United States and the Soviet Union, and based on the Monroe Doctrine and Communism, respectively. This is what I wish all Americans would remember.

For ten years the United States' Far Eastern policies have been of a nature opposed to the predestined tendency of the East Asian countries. The Stimson statement against the acknowledgment of the independence of Manchukuo is among the first and most remarkable examples of this antagonistic attitude. Others are America's pronounced opposition to our empire's announcement of a solidarity between Japan, Manchukuo, and China; her continued aids offered to Chiang Kai-shek's regime; her intervention in the question of the Netherlands East Indies; and a huge national defense program recently approved by her Congress, which has allegedly been made possible by looking upon Japan as her enemy.

Why the United States should come out in such a meddlesome fashion against the forming of a new order in the Far East is what we cannot clearly understand. If obliged to offer interpretation, I would unhesitatingly say that this meddlesome attitude of America has come from her characteristic egotism, which makes her wish all other countries to act as she likes. This Japan cannot continue to bear.

Viewed in all the circumstances, the singlehanded claim of the States on the Far East for the maintenance of the open-door policy or for equality of opportunity cannot but be interpreted as a typically wicked act intended solely to drag East Asia down and back to its former confused state. This act, I should say, is meant to enable America to profit at the expense of the Far East.

If the United States continues with her intervention in the China affair and the current problems relating to the Netherlands East Indies, Japan can only treat her as a hostile country. The whole area of the Netherlands East Indies is necessarily included in the Far Eastern solidarity sphere. This positively is a fundamental policy of Japan.

If, again, America should come upon us with the support of all the democratic countries such as Britain, Canada, and Australia, Japan has simply to face them on the principle of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. In all the minds of our 1,000,000,000 fellow countrymen, a firm resolution has already been reached on how to act if things turn for the worst. But we prefer to settle all questions with smiles, as has been the habit of the peace-loving Japanese.

By Shingoro Takaishi

Editor of the Tokyo Nichi-Nichi

NONE of us believe a war with the United States is inevitable, but there are many who think it very possible if America continues to block our aspiration in East Asia. I dare say there is not one of us who believes Japan will start it. If America ever attacks Japan, it will be when America thinks her dignity, prestige, or national honor has been trampled upon by Japan. I do not think America will war with Japan in order to protect material interests, because America really has no vital interests to protect in East Asia, and I hardly think America will war on us merely for the sake of being Britain's watchdog. The question, therefore, is, will Japan ever trample upon America's dignity?

America believes herself to be a self-appointed guardian of international morality. For example, she felt indignant at Germany's activities. She was aroused by the Soviets' invasion of Finland. What is noteworthy is that there was nothing done in the way of putting her moral indignation into armed action.

The trouble with America is, she does not know how inspired and determined we are in the task of solving our vital national problems. America is looking at the turn of events in the Far East only from the surface. She sees destructions of war, and brands us an aggressor, without appreciating the deep historical causations in the struggle confronting us.

America is forgetting that she can afford to preach to others from her position of glorified contentment because her pioneers were rugged and aggressive. It certainly is annoying to an aspiring nation like Japan to be reminded, constantly and with intimidating pressure, that we should be peaceful and contented.

We do not hate America. We certainly have no intention of pin-pricking America into fighting us. But America must change her policy if

the trans-Pacific relations are to be restored to an amicable basis.

There certainly is no vital clash of interests in East Asia between America and Japan. Despite America's apparent antagonism against our aspiration, I do not believe America will be so adventurous as to send her navy to our side of the Pacific to fight us. My conclusion, therefore, is that there is no likelihood of a war. Yet I am afraid there will be no improvement in American-Japanese relations as long as the China Incident remains unsettled, unless, of course, America changes her policy. On our part, the whole national energy is concentrated toward the establishment of the new order in our region of the globe, and there could be no deviation from this fixed policy.

By Toshie Obama

Editor of the Tokyo Chugai Shogyo Shimpo

OUR common sense tells us that an American-Japanese war is imminent. The United States has enforced an embargo on machineries Japan needs and has prohibited the export of high-grade scrap iron. This is practically the severance of economic relations. There is nothing left but the formal declaration of war.

However, a war does not break out by chance. There must be political and economic causes. Oddly enough, no such cause exists between the United States and Japan.

I will not bring into discussion the traditional friendship or the economic ties between the United States and Japan. I will discard this none too impressive flattery. Instead I will frankly appeal to the American people to reflect, bringing up a fact which has seldom been discussed—the fact that the United States is responsible for the war being fought in Europe today.

The Americans are easygoing and at the same time selfish. If the direct responsibility for the European war is placed on their shoulders, they will be greatly shocked. Yet the enactment of the Smoot-Hawley tariff bill in 1930 gathered war clouds over Europe. Following the World War, America had become the biggest creditor power in the world. A creditor country should coolly and carefully realize its position. The fact that the United States raised the ad valorem from 33.22 to an average of 40.08 eliminated a chance for the debtor countries to repay their debts in commodities. Dislocation of various degrees was accordingly caused in world economic circles. The most important consequence was the Ottawa Agreements. This revision of the ad valorem duties by the United States led to the convocation by Great Britain of the economic conference at Ottawa in 1932, the conference being forced to secure the mutual tariff preference to the members of the British Commonwealth.

The revision by Great Britain and the United States of their tariff and foreign trade policies placed other world powers in a difficult position. Particularly, so-called "have-not" nations were greatly irritated. Therefore the Smoot-Hawley bill must be blamed for the bloodless invasion of the Balkans by Germany and the extreme economic advances by the Nazis to South America.

Furthermore, America's public opinion irresponsibly accused the Axis Powers, thus greatly agitating the European democracies. In this sense, the United States cannot very well evade her responsibility for the outbreak of the European war.

Unfortunately, America is now showing the same attitude to East Asia. As long as her attitude remains unchanged, America is bound to wage war against not only Japan but other world powers, one after another.

I will be frank. Japan undoubtedly has faults. There are in Japan those who are shortsighted and obstinate in a way no different from those in the United States, and I do not hesitate to admit that these people are at present very influential. However, Japan is not a country where people with crazy ideas can long rule. Therefore we shall be free from such worries as a war between the United States and Japan if America becomes a little more broad-minded.

THE END

Why we no longer turn out the lights at 7:30

PEOPLE liked us.

So they were always dropping around after supper and having a drink. This was okay by me, but *expensive*—for I didn't know then about Mattingly & Moore.

Then the new liquor tax came along, making the price of my whiskey even higher.

We decided to make believe we weren't home in the evening. Every night at 7:30, we turned out the lights and listened to the radio with earphones. It worked. But it made life kind of monotonous.

I was very glad when a friend told me about M & M

whiskey. I found out M & M cost enough less than my former whiskey to more than cover the tax. It tasted even better. I started serving liquor again.

Life is wonderful.

Mattingly & Moore

BLENDED WHISKEY—*86 proof—72½% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.*

READING TIME • 18 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

I LEAVE the crap game and go to the washroom. On the way I catch a baleful look from Louise. But baleful looks from Louise to me are ten cents a dozen, so I pay no attention.

I have my key out of the lock and back in my pocket. The latch clicks neatly behind me, when I hear this lad say, "Hands up!"

I remember the agent with his blather about private washrooms and keys for the tenants only. And here is one inhabited by a thug.

But my main thought is: Louie, you are smart to drop that sixty-five in the game in your office instead of coming out here and handing it over to Jesse James. I have just five dollars on me.

I put up my hands as required and take a look.

At least he is a *good-looking* hold-up man. Tall, not over twenty-two, with black wavy hair and a nice build. Big clean blue eyes that have a worried look just now and a jaw that is set and hard. The worried look is first cousin to a shaking hand that holds a gun in his right pocket. There is a quiver in his voice.

"You," he says, "are Louie Shaner." It is an accusation.

"Yes," I admit. I wonder: Do robbers scout their prospects first?

"All right," he says. "Take that key out of your pocket and put it back in the lock. On the inside."

I take the key from my pocket and put it where he says. I wonder why the gag could not be that Fatso Logan, who has my sixty-five, should be the one held up.

"Take off your pants," says the thug.

"Wait a minute now," I begin, without thinking. "I do not have

Oh, Coon of my delight

BY JAMES FRANCIS BONNELL

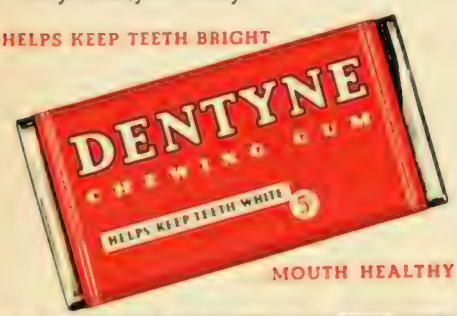
Love on Broadway! A sparkling story of a girl who knew what she wanted

I'VE paid my dentist but I'm still in debt to him. You see he told me how to have a lovely smile.

"I clean your teeth," he said, "but you must help keep them bright. Try chewing Dentyne every day. Its extra firmness helps polish your teeth, eliminate food particles, make them really gleam. Dentyne is good for mouth health too. Vitalizes gums and tissues, exercises teeth and jaw muscles." Then he gave me some to try.

I've never tasted anything nicer. That zesty cinnamon flavor freshened up my mouth in no time and was so delicious. Of course I bought some Dentyne right away. Its flat handy package slips conveniently into my purse. I carry it everywhere and everyone is congratulating me on my sparkling teeth. Do try Dentyne yourself —Buy Dentyne today.

HELPS KEEP TEETH BRIGHT



MOUTH HEALTHY

DENTYNE

much money with me, but I can empty the pockets for you without—"

His eyes grow more nervous and so do I. The hand in his gun pocket wobbles up and down suggestively. His voice stops shaking.

"Take off your pants," he says again. Firmly.

I do not argue. I take off my pants.

He reaches out his free hand and I give them to him. He takes the pants and tosses them carelessly over a door. He does not go near the pockets.

"Now listen!" he says.

I listen.

"'Night and day,'" he sings, "'you are the one.'" He *sings!*

He does one chorus all the way through, and when my knees stop drowning him out, I think: He ain't bad. Midway he forgets this is a hold-up, takes his hand, empty, from the gun pocket, and starts gestures.

I make no moves whatever. I am trying to recall what it is best to do for the slightly touched. Humor them, I decide, and watch for my chance to make a break.

"Well?" he demands when he is finished.

"Very pretty," I say. I smile and start to humor him. "You have a good voice. You should be in the business. You should get a manager and—"

"I have a manager," he says.

"Who?" I am keeping the conversation pleasant while I edge toward my pants.

"You," he says.

"Oh." Dawn is almost here.

"I have been trying to get into your office for three weeks now," he says. "I cannot get by the young lady at the front gate. You are always either in conference or in California, and either way you cannot hear me. If you can't hear me you can't know if I am good or bad. Today I decided to wait and make you hear me." His voice is desperate.

I LIKE this kid. He is not fresh and his voice is. He is clean-looking and young, and I have made good money with worse throats. I say, "It is a strange way to audition, son, but you've got something. Come around to the office tomorrow. We will talk it over and see—"

"No," he says. A glint comes into his eye and his hand goes back in the gun pocket. "Not tomorrow. Now." He makes a move toward my pants and I get the idea.

"O. K.," I laugh. He watches me closely, his hand still on the gun, while I dress and we start back to the office. He is still not sure.

I catch a quick wink from Louise to him, but when I look sharp at her her smile fades. I take my singing gangster to the inside office, rout out the crap game, and get his name on a contract.

His name is Ted Martin. He says no to a little whisky-and-soda that I offer him to celebrate the deal, and I like that. I have too many thrushes who are lushes too.

This washroom stunt is a final stab. He is down to rock bottom and I stake him to clothes and a few bucks for meals. Which shows how sure I am I have something; Louie Shaner does not invest his own dough on long shots. I hire Tinkler Lane to coach him, and three weeks later I get him the big spot at Mom O'Brien's. In two days he is the talk of café society.

Meanwhile I hear his story.

It is a simple tale—and old. I have two writers who build swimming pools in Hollywood just by telling it over and over again for the public in different words with different starts.

THIS is it: Ted Martin is in love with a girl named Nancy back in Hanover Corners. He and the town butcher are the chief and only rivals for her hand, but Ted has the inside track. He is all set to coast in to a June wedding and very pleased about the whole thing, when some lad with a portable microphone and broadcasting outfit visits Hanover Corners, and that is that.

This Ted is coming right up the ladder. He is the town's bright boy, he is to marry Nancy, and he is to get the big job managing the chain's new grocery. The program is: job, then Lohengrin. But the mike and people saying, "My, how sweet!" goes up higher than his ears, and a grocery store is not enough. He must become a radio star. Nancy will wait.

But Nancy is not the waiting variety. The town is in on the romance, she has told her friends, and the sexton has the bells all tuned. So Nancy informs Ted he can have her, but only right away and if he takes the grocery too. Otherwise there is the butcher waiting. Ted says it is his career; and they split. Boy loses girl.

He comes to New York, bats around, and waits three weeks trying to get in to see me. He will not quit till he proves to himself that he has the goods. This is the tale he tells me.

Well, he has it. Mom O'Brien's is no corny bistro where, come eleven thirty, the clients do not know if they are hearing Bing Crosby or some peddler. Mom O'Brien's is white ties, tails, and class, and my Ted rings the bell there. Loud. Even the young debs, those that are not busy singing somewhere else, flock around. His price goes up. Mom O'Brien knows he is worth it, and so we get it. Prospects are hot.

At first I do not get the angle when I see him grab every paper in sight and clip out any picture or sentence with Ted Martin in it. But the night he borrows a stamp from me and slips the clippings into an envelope headed for Miss Nancy Garrison, I begin to get the idea.

It is the sweet little head of lettuce back in Hanover Corners, of course, and he is telling her in a firm quiet way how she is wrong and he is right. He tells her for four weeks and he gets no replies. He gets worried and nervous and his work becomes rag-

ged. That is not good for the ten per cent, and *I* get nervous. Like always when I get nervous, I go into a huddle with Louise.

Louise has a last name, but she is just Louise to everybody in show business, and a swell kid she is. I know that. There is a rumor wriggling around here and there from time to time that Louise and I are married or something, but I disregard it. It is straight friendship with us, and I depend on Louise too much anyhow, and she is too smart a girl that I should lose her by matrimony, even to me. Besides, she never says anything to me about it.

"Louise," I say now, "listen. It is this Ted Martin. He is—"

"He is in love," Louise says. "The lucky girl!"

"How do you know?" I marvel.

"Louie, for a smart man, you are somewhat of a dope. I know ever since the days he used to come in here hoping to get past me into your office. You tell me not to bother you with unknowns, and you pay my salary, so I don't. But there is nothing wrong with telling him you go to the washroom now and again—"

"That was your idea?"

"Of course. Louie, you'd never get any new faces in here if it wasn't for me. Why, there's a young kid, an actor, who's try—"

"Never mind," I say in a hurry. "What are we going to do about this Martin? If he does not snap out of it he will not draw a crowd big enough to fill a phone booth. The boy has possibilities; there is a scout from Paramount—"

"Sure," Louise says. "But the boy is in love. Don't forget that. You do not know what love is, I suppose, but it is a normal state of affairs between normal people."

"You are soft on this Martin yourself," I say. "Suppose you make a play for him, at least till this Paramount thing comes through, and then—"

She stands up and a little light comes in her eyes, and when she talks it is like she is shooting Roman candles out instead of words.

"Louie," she says, "I should slap your face and walk out and stay out. But I won't. I'm just sap enough to stick around and help you."

I ignore the gravel because the situation is serious, and it seems she has an idea. "What are you going to do?"

"I am going to bring Nancy here," she says. "It is a cinch they've got to be together, and Ted won't be any help to us—to you—will he, back in Hanover Corners?"

I LEAVE it to Louise, and three days later she comes into my office and announces, "Nancy Garrison is here. Ted Martin's Nancy."

She comes in. She is five foot one of nicely modeled light-blonde stuff and very gentle on the eye.

But I do not have time now to enjoy the picture, because there is something else cluttering up the

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TASTE the tempting flavor of ripe apricots in my Apricot Nectar. You will enjoy its heartiness . . . like a rich old brandy. One sip will tell you why it's the largest-selling liquor of its kind in the world today. Drink it straight . . . a handy drinking cup comes on top of each pint bottle.

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APRICOT NECTAR

Also Blackberry, Peach, Wild Cherry—70 Proof

canvas. It is a large rawboned but beefy gentleman, nervous and twirling his straw hat, who comes in behind Nancy. He is a simple honest peasant with a vaguely familiar look. He has a moon face, and cow eyes, and I could cast him in any show ever written as Honest Bill from back home.

Nancy steps forward and says, "I'm Nancy Garrison. This is Tom Howe."

Even before he tramps up and swallows my hand in his beefy paw I know this is the butcher boy from back in Hanover Corners.

He says, "I come with Nancy because I thought she might be aneedin' help. She knows she can count on me." He gives her a mooey look that is just perfectly matched with his simple Reuben voice.

OH, I don't think so," I say, and try to keep it calm. Privately, I am trying to get my hand back into shape, and very much afraid. For this yokel thinks he is some kind of protector to the little gal, besides being the guy who is to marry her, and I do not doubt for a minute he comes to the city to square things with Ted Martin—for her or for himself, it doesn't matter which. I wonder has my Louise been as smart as she thinks. It is evident that does Nancy ask Butch, he will personally break Martin into eighteen even pieces and deliver them to her by air mail. I shudder.

We say things but do not get anywhere. I say to Butch: "Would you mind waiting outside a minute while I have a word with Miss Garrison?"

He looks uncertain, but Nancy gives him the nod, and he starts out. He stops at the door and says, "Holler if you need me, honey. I'll be right out here, an' I'll bust the door down if I hafta." He gives her that half-mooey look, glowers at me, and goes.

I wipe the brow.

"Sit down, Nancy," I say. "And listen. It is about Ted Martin. Do you love the guy, or don't you?"

She gets up again. There is a blaze in her eyes, and I think I am going to get a swipe in the nose, but she just snorts, does a heel turn, and starts for the door. I go after her.

"Listen," I plead. "Be practical. You love him. You have a fight. Everybody has fights, Nancy."

She turns to listen. I grab the chance and put the needle on the record again.

"He still loves you," I say. "And he is right about the fight. He has the mail and he is going to lug it places with his pipes. He—"

The eyes get soft at that word love, but then the creases come, and I realize that I am talking to Hanover Corners, where English is still spoken.

"I mean," I say, "he has a nice voice. He can make a nice living with it—for both of you, if you will let him. But he cannot do a thing unless he stops mooning around over you. Forget this butcher boy and marry Ted, will you?"

"I'm afraid you don't understand, Mr. Shaner," she says. "It is not as simple as that. Ted was in love with me and we were practically engaged to be married. He wanted to try the radio, and I told him to go ahead, but it meant the end of—of us. Now I'm not going to come running just because he whistles for me."

I admire the girl's spirit, but I do not let my admiration run away with my sense. And I see in it now a ray of sunshine: she is still in love with Ted. She is just taking this yokel to show the folks how little she cares.

"All right," I say. "But give Ted a chance, will you?"

"In what way?"

"Come out with me tonight. Louise—that's my secretary—Louise will come along and we'll watch Ted work. Send the butcher back to his lamb chops, and—"

But she is shaking her head. "I'll go with you," she says, and smiles a little, "but Tom Howe has to come too. After all, he was sweet to come with me, and I can't just—just dismiss him, as though he were a porter or something, can I?"

I am nodding my head but not listening. I am scared stiff. For if this side of beef comes all the way from the countryside to New York, and does Nancy decide she still loves and wants Ted Martin, I cannot see Butch smiling, taking a quick bow, saying, "Nice to have known you," and heading back to the sausages. I can see a terrific one-sided brawl, with my meal ticket being punched around. I am scared stiff.

I AM still scared that night when the four of us get a nice table at Hi-Lo. Louise is decked out the prettiest I ever see her; even in my worry I notice that. Nancy is cute, of course, and the Butch is popeyed. He is getting a headful of glitter, and when the chorus comes out and wiggles a little, I am afraid he will fall off the chair and break his neck. He is the perfect yokel.

Perfect for everybody but me. I know the murder that is in his heart, and I am wondering can I and maybe a few waiters keep him from committing it right here in the club, does the spirit move him. I give Louise a look which means I am about to die, but she just leans over and pats my hand and says, "Don't worry so, Louie. Everything will be all right. You can count on me."

"Louise," I say, "why did you send that clown to the washroom? All right, he can yodel. He makes me a nice ten per cent. But if the chairs begin to fly, head for under the table, Louise."

"Why, Louie, I didn't think you cared!" There is a little irony in the voice but her hand on mine grips a bit tighter, and I like it to have some one I can depend on.

I look at her eyes, and she looks as if she may weep a little; and I grab back at her hand. "You know better

than that, Louise," I begin. "I wouldn't want anything to happen to you. What would I do without you? Why, you are—"

Just then the light picks out Martin coming out onto the floor, and applause breaks out. Louise says, "Damn! Right in the middle of a proposal!" and everybody gets quiet. I keep a grip on Louise's hand, but I am back to my worrying.

Ted does one number, and it smells. He gets a polite hand, and then the smarty with the spot flashes it right onto our table. I think: Blitzkrieg!

But no. Ted sees Nancy, jumps a little, starts toward the table, stops, and grins like a kid. I know before he opens his mouth he will be back in shape this time.

He sees Howe, of course; he must see Howe. Howe is so large you would see him against a mountain. But it does not worry Ted, or it does not seem to. He just stands there grinning like a cat, and the orchestra has to come back three times before he gets his cue and breaks into Night and Day.

It is good; even in the middle of my scare I know he has never sung it like that before. I look at Nancy and her eyes are drizzly. I am no sobber but I know then and there that she is The One for him, et cetera. It is what Louise calls love; and I realize suddenly that my own hand is squeezing Louise's, and she is squeezing back.

All is lovely and sweet except for Butch. I become aware suddenly that that low sound is not thunder in the distance but growls in Butch's throat, and also that Butch is holding no hands. He looks at Nancy and growls, and then looks at Ted, and his huge paw knots up into a fist. I come out of my dream.

Ted is through, and he comes over to our table. It is the zero hour. I stand up to meet him, and try to get my frail self between him and Butch. Butch is standing also.

"Not here," I plead with Butch in a low voice. "Later—outside somewhere, but not here."

Ted arrives. He brushes right by me, and if he sees Butch, he pays no attention. He grabs Nancy in his arms.

"Darling!" he says, and kisses her. There is more of that on both sides, and neither of them aware of the hulking mountain of disaster that is threatening to fall on them and is only being held back, I do not know how, by me.

"Louise," I bark suddenly, "tell them to get outside! This loon will kill him! Tell them to get outside!"

But Louise laughs. Laughs. Laughs.

Ted and Nancy are on their way outside. They do not bother even to say good-by. I am watching them, when I realize the mountain is no longer leaning on me but is sitting down in his chair very quietly. Laughing.

I turn from him to Louise and back again, twice. He smiles at me like I am somebody's little boy. He gets up.

"Good night, Mr. Shaner," he says. And, to Louise, "Tomorrow, at eleven?"

"Tomorrow at eleven," Louise says. "Thank you, Tom."

He goes out.

I wipe the brow.

"Louise," I say, "listen. It is a big evening. We—I mean, you—straighten out Nancy and Ted. I discover I am in love—this thing you talk about. And if now you are falling for that big baboon who carves things—"

Louise is laughing.

"Louise!" I say. I am sore.

"Louie darling, sit down."

I sit down. She is only smiling now.

"I had to do something drastic to get you to listen to Ted. I—I thought perhaps the same thing would make you pay some attention to me. And Tom Howe—"

"Him! How does he—"

"He isn't a butcher, Louie. He's that young actor I tried to get you to see. I thought I might as well work him into the plot, too."

But I am not listening. With a woman like that I am tempting fate to waste time.

"Louise," I say, "everybody else seems to like it outside. Perhaps you and I—"

Louise jumps up. We go outside.

THE END

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I learned the speedy, thrifty way
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READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

Marc de Tristan, rescued from a man who had worked out a "perfect" kidnaping.

The Bravest Men I Know

BY COUNTESS JANE DE TRISTAN as told to Fletcher Robertson

I HAVE been asked to try to express my joy and happiness on the return of my child. I can't! Could any parent?

When Wilhelm Jakob Muhlenbroich stole little Marc, he took with him my heart. So how could it be possible to describe my gladness when part of my very being was returned?

My husband and I are deeply religious and firmly believe God had a helping hand in our baby's return.

But my earthly heroes are Cecil Wetsel and Ellis Wood. And they always will be. They captured the kidnaper of my child and were responsible for his safe return.

Before I go any further with my story I want to nominate Cecil Wetsel and Ellis Wood for the Liberty Gold Medal for Valor in Citizenship. Any person who would do what they did in apprehending the kidnaper of a child is deserving of such recognition. Don't you think so? When they stopped this man Muhlenbroich, they practically invited death, for the criminal was heavily armed and they had quite a struggle in overpowering him. Bravery of that sort should be rewarded—not only with money but by public recognition of the deed.

I was at home when I learned the shocking news that Marc had been kidnaped. A neighbor telephoned me saying a dark man had forcibly seized the child from his nurse, Mary Foley, while she was walking along the street with him two blocks from our home. Miss Foley had been knocked down and bruised by the kidnaper.

At first I could hardly believe what I heard. But when the full realization of what had occurred struck me, the shock was numbing.

The kidnaper threw a typewritten ransom note on the ground when he stole little Marc. The message was turned over to the police before we learned of its contents. It warned us against communicating with any law-enforcement agencies and demanded $100,000 in five-, ten-, and twenty-dollar bills. We were ordered to put a certain advertisement in the automobile section of the San Francisco Examiner if we were willing to meet the demands.

When police officials informed us of what was in the note we immediately arranged to follow instructions to the letter. Anything to get back our child!

During those agonizing hours little Marc was gone—from Friday, September 20, to Sunday, September 22—I have no remembrance of what I did. I guess my husband and I prayed most of the time. But the company of my family and friends was such a comfort to us. And I never gave up hope completely.

Some one asked me what I would have done if the proposed law to make it a crime to pay ransom money were in force. Would we have paid the money for little Marc's return? My answer is a very emphatic "Yes." If I didn't have the amount of money demanded, I would beg, borrow, or get it some place. Any mother or father will understand. And—

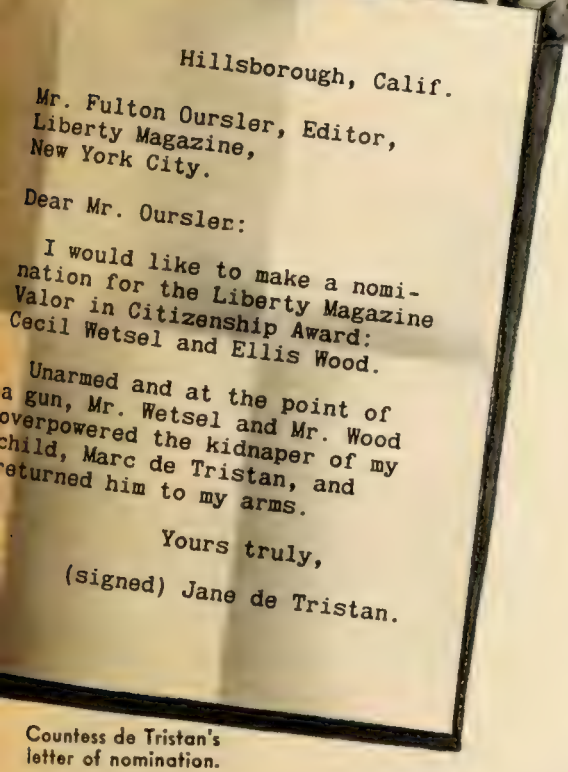
Evidently Cecil Wetsel and Ellis Wood understand. Both of them are fathers and know what a child means to a parent. Mr. Wetsel has two girls and a boy and Mr. Wood is the father of four girls and a boy. They didn't expect or want any reward for returning little Marc to us.

Mr. Wetsel owns a sawmill over in El Dorado County near Placerville, where he and Mr. Wood accosted little Marc's abductor in the lonely and mountainous woods of that sparsely populated section. He used to play football for Washington State College and still looks in perfect physical trim. Mr. Wood works at the sawmill as a logger. These two men don't seem to know the meaning of the word "fear."

They had lunch with us shortly after little Marc's return. Neither would accept honors for his heroism. They bowed to each other on that score. Mr. Wetsel gave Mr. Wood credit for any glory that might be due. And vice versa. But you can imagine how we feel toward them. They brought back our child to us.

I know readers of Liberty will be interested in knowing the type of

Count Marc de Tristan (standing). Seated, from left, Cecil Wetsel, Countess de Tristan, Ellis Wood.



Hillsborough, Calif.

Mr. Fulton Oursler, Editor,
Liberty Magazine,
New York City.

Dear Mr. Oursler:

I would like to make a nomination for the Liberty Magazine Valor in Citizenship Award: Cecil Wetsel and Ellis Wood.

Unarmed and at the point of a gun, Mr. Wetsel and Mr. Wood overpowered the kidnaper of my child, Marc de Tristan, and returned him to my arms.

Yours truly,

(signed) Jane de Tristan.

Countess de Tristan's letter of nomination.

A mother whose heart learned to fear suggests an award for valor

person who would attempt such a terrible thing as kidnaping. Here is a statement released by Mr. Earl Connelly, assistant director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation in San Francisco, telling how Muhlenbroich conceived the idea of the "foolproof kidnaping":

"Muhlenbroich believed he had worked out the perfect system of kidnaping. . . . For two years he read the society pages in all the Bay District newspapers, making clippings of the prominent families he read about. . . . He compiled a list of wealthy persons with children—from seventy-five to one hundred families were on his list. He made inquiries in the neighborhood where they lived, went to verify where their homes were.

"He selected the de Tristan baby as his victim. He bought an auto about six months ago, and made himself a set of phony license plates out of cardboard. He registered the car under the name of Cavanaugh.

"He spotted the house, noting the habits and comings and goings of the family, and the daily walk of the child. Then he made preparations — he bought child's clothes . . . he filled his car with food. . . .

"He intended to have his hideout in the Riverton and Placerville area. His car was to be his headquarters, roving from spot to spot. . . .

"Friday night they spent in the woods. He washed the child, and fed it. Saturday night he drove into Placerville, planning to write a note to the family. . . .

"But he saw a paper there about the kidnaping and there was too much talk of the snatch. He was afraid the child would be seen and drove back into the country with him. He lost his way and his car ran off the road and down the embankment.

"He stole, at gun point, a passing auto, transferred the food and child into it, then shot a hole through the gas tank of his own car, setting fire to it.

"They slept out Saturday night and Sunday Muhlenbroich was captured. . . .

"He planned to return the child when the money was paid. He hoped to have collected the $100,000 at night on some highway in the area. . . . He would have waited in his car, signaling with his lights to indicate where he was at the ransom scene. . . .

"He was well armed. He had two shoulder holsters. One contained a powerful 3-57 Magnum revolver, the other a .38 caliber Smith and Wesson revolver. . . ."

Mr. Connelly also gave a sketch of Muhlenbroich's past life. It showed him to be a soldier of fortune with a twisted mind. It further revealed him as having been born in Germany in 1900; as having deserted several times from the German army during the first World War; serving with the army of occupation in Russia; as a member of the police that swept Germany after the war.

After being exiled from Germany by the Communists in 1920, he went to France and "joined, voluntarily, at the point of a bayonet," the French Foreign Legion. He served in Algeria and Morocco for a year, then took to the sea as a sailor.

He deserted ship and came into San Francisco in 1924. Later he shipped out on a freighter to Hamburg and entered Canada as a German immigrant. In 1929 he secured a visa as a German immigrant to the United States, came to San Francisco, and obtained his first citizenship papers.

But I want to forget him completely! He is in San Quentin Prison now, for life. And that's where he belongs—away from society.

As I have already said, the kidnaping was publicized before my husband and I were notified. Curious but well meaning reporters have asked me if I think publicity is advisable in similar instances — whether we should have tried to deal with the kidnaper in secrecy or worked in close co-operation with the police and federal investigators. I don't know. But I do know the publicity given the stealing of my child was the principal factor in his safe return. His rescuers, Mr. Wetsel and Mr. Wood, would not have recognized our child if the case had not been widely publicized.

THE END

40 ANSWERS

by Erno Laszlo

to his questions on page 21

1—(*a*) Milk baths; (*b*) first woman of her generation to bob her hair; (*c*) still beautiful at eighty; (*d*) the most beautiful back in the world; (*e*) started the "platinum blonde" era.

2—A little curl on the temple or forehead.

3—Joan Crawford.

4—(*a*) Kashmiri Song, by "Laurence Hope" ("Pale Hands I loved beside the Shalimar"); (*b*) Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair, by Stephen Foster; (*c*) Otche Tchornia, famous Russian folk song.

5—In France, under Louis XV. Courtiers were permitted to use dead white powder; the common people, pink.

6—(*a*) A transparent scarf across the throat (to hide a goiter); (*b*) transparent muslin dresses dampened with water to make them cling to the body; (*c*) upstanding wired lace collars framing the neck and shoulders; (*d*) enormous soft satin shoes (because he had gout), often as wide as fourteen inches at the toe. Goutless people had to stuff theirs with cotton; (*e*) hoop skirts (to disguise her pregnancy).

7—Painted fingernails and toenails, hennaed hair, and mascaraed eyelashes.

8—(*a*) Swan's; (*b*) rubies; (*c*) roses; (*d*) gazelle; (*e*) stars; (*f*) butterflies; (*g*) pearls.

9—During the Italian Renaissance. Women shaved their eyebrows off.

10—Cucumber pulp mixed with sour cream.

11—Red hair.

12—The legend that nearsightedness (myopic eyesight) is a characteristic of famous beauties grows out of the fact that pupils of myopic eyes do not contract, thus making the eyes look soft, deep, and velvety.

13—(*a*) Lord Byron in She Walks in Beauty; (*b*) John Keats in Endymion; (*c*) Ralph Venning, 1650.

14—Helen of Troy.

15—Freckles.

16—Myrna Loy, Joan Crawford, and Katharine Hepburn.

17—(*a*) An oil or oily cream; (*b*) a lotion to contract the skin; (*c*) we suppose the capillaries of the skin are stimulated by its use; (*d*) a cream or liquid giving a smooth clinging base for powder; (*e*) a softener and soothing agent.

18—In the 1890s, decade of bust pads and bustles.

19—Japan.

20—Soviet Russia; because in its regimentation and scorn of feminine wiles, the government placed the blame for the rapid decline in the birth rate.

21—In Greek mythology, when three goddesses, Hera, Pallas Athene, and Aphrodite asked Paris to judge which was most beautiful. He chose Aphrodite and awarded her the golden apple.

22—By wearing bangs.

23—Leopold Stokowski.

24—Civil War Days, eighteen inches; now, twenty-six inches.

25—The Jews used them to remove their beards 5,700 years ago.

26—The Egyptians invented perfume, which they prepared from herbs. They used it in worship, placing it upon the hot ashes.

27—The knights of the Crusades brought it to Europe.

28—(*a*) A specialist in diseases of the skin; (*b*) specialist in care of the feet; (*c*) specialist in the science of beauty; (*d*) expert at removing hair by electricity; (*e*) conductor of a beauty shop.

29—Narcissus, a youth who fell in love with his own reflection in a well.

30—When Alexander the Great led the Macedonians against the Persians (334-323 B. C.). The clean-shaven Persians pulled down Alexander's men by their beards and speared them.

31—The Emperor Hadrian.

32—When bloodletting was one of the principal duties of the barber, the bandages were wound round the pole to dry; later the pole was painted and the bandages dried in the shop.

33—In 700 B. C. a wealthy Chinese gentleman let his nails grow long to prove he did not have to work.

34—The ancient Hebrews used false teeth of wood, iron, and gold for decorative purposes. Not until the seventeenth century were false teeth made to fit so they could be used for eating.

35—It is used as the base for make-up colorings.

36—Crito.

37—Henry I in 1104. An evangelist priest, Serlo, preached against the long-haired fashion which the king had fostered, and so moved the monarch and his courtiers that they allowed him to cut their hair then and there.

38—Famous dandies of London who in 1772 formed a fops' organization called the Macaroni Club.

39—Mrs. G. Grant Mason, Jr., when, as Jane Kendall, she attended a White House reception. Mrs. Coolidge made the remark.

40—In 1907, in Paris, when waiters struck against the civil law forbidding them to wear mustaches. They won.

Everybody writes the same P.S.

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Is this the end of gay romance?

Unexpected Uncle

BY ERIC HATCH

who wrote My Man Godfrey, The Girl Next Door, etc.

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

A synopsis of preceding chapters will be found on page 42

PART TEN—
CAROL COMES THROUGH

THE next morning Mansley and Kathleen motored to Springfield and boarded a southbound plane. Before he had gone to bed, along toward dawn, Mansley had reached Carol West on the telephone. She was right back where she belonged: at her hotel at Palm Beach. He had to see her and he had to see her quickly. That's why he was willing to fly.

There was another reason for his flying. Neither he nor Johnsy nor Kathleen knew definitely whether she was still engaged to Johnsy, or whether Johnsy was still engaged to her, or whether the whole thing was canceled. Mansley thought it was diplomacy to get away before either of them had a chance to find out.

He and Kathleen hardly spoke during the few hours it took the sky liner to reach Miami. They didn't speak at all during the half hour it took the shuttle plane to reach Palm Beach, but Mansley, watching her, saw she was coming alive again. It was the sunshine, of course, all around her that was doing it. Kathleen, when she wasn't being kicked around, was full of sunshine. It shone out of her eyes. At Palm Beach he turned her over to Tommy, who had been standing at the airport goggling at the sky for two hours. Then he took a cab to Carol's hotel.

CAROL, as always, was doing herself well. She had a suite on the top floor, so high that it overlooked both Lake Worth and the ocean, half a mile away. It screamed of the luxury with which Carol liked to surround herself. Horace Quenton,

who rose from a white satin sofa as Mansley entered, also screamed of the luxury with which Carol liked to surround herself. He looked, in his white linen suit, a little as though he had come with the apartment. Mansley grinned.

"You belong here?" he asked.

Quenton grinned too, sheepishly.

"Hi, doc," he said. "The answer is yes I do."

"I thought you might."

"I'm a union man," said Quenton. "I figured a union with Carol was a mighty fine idea."

Mansley shook his head.

"Your jokes get worse," he said. "Congratulations. Where is she?"

"Prettyin' up," said Quenton. "What were you in such a hot lather 'bout over the phone?"

"I'll wait for Carol," said Mansley. "I think I'm going to need her to work out on a guy."

"Nuh-nuh," said Quenton. "Not *my* wife." And then, curiosity overcoming him, "On who?"

"On you," said Mansley. He sat down on the sofa, folded his hands, and beamed at his surroundings. Quenton looked puzzled and the silence embarrassed him.

"Whisky-and-soda?" he said, to break it. A month ago he would have said, "Pal, what do you say we have a slug?" It made Mansley's lips twitch. He said he thought that was a fine idea, and Quenton went off to the serving pantry. He had scarcely gone before Carol came in. She was glowing with good looks and happiness. She held both hands out to Mansley, who jumped to his feet, drew her to him, and planted a kiss squarely on her red lips.

"So you did it!" he said.

"Yes," said Carol. "I did it."

"Happy?"

"But gloriously. He's a gent, Seton—the real thing." She led him back to the sofa. "Now what's with you?"

"Well," said Mansley, "with me is trouble."

"You should say *by* me is trouble, if you want to talk that way."

"By me, with me, all around me," said Mansley. "Johnsy trouble."

Carol understood.

"I was afraid of that," she said. "I tried to warn her off. What happened? That sister or the factories?"

Mansley told her. In the midst of his recital Horace Quenton came back with the drinks, sat down on the other side of Carol, took her hand and began to stroke her wrist. Mansley interrupted himself to say, "That's sickening. Stop it." Then he went on. When he had finished his saga, Carol said, "Where do I come in?"

Mansley hesitated, then he said, "I think I made Johnsy understand it was either the factories or Kathleen. He said he owned them and he had to run them. Of course *that* problem to a man of my mental agility is nothing at all, but I can't do anything about it without you."

"And I still don't get it," said Carol. "Why me?"

"Because," said Mansley, "you own what I should call a controlling interest in Horace Quenton, and Horace Quenton is a teamster and a drover and a professional organizer. I *think* Johnsy wants to give fifty-one per cent of the Hamilton stock to his workmen. Still leaves plenty for Johnsy, and who'll they strike against then? Themselves? No, sir! Johnsy'll be a free man. He'll have something to offer a girl besides a pain in the neck. Now do you get it?"

"Oh, sure, doc," said Quenton, "but the men wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole."

"They wouldn't," Mansley said, "if Johnsy suggested it, but if a teamster and drover, a recognized union organizer, suggested it would be cute to ask for it, they'd eat it up. And, you know, I rather think Johnsy will do it. If I was in love with Kathleen I would."

"Could you do it, Horace?" Carol asked.

"I could," said Quenton, "but I won't. Hell, Carol, I've quit all that union stuff. Besides, the way things are now it'd look funny, me messin' around with a bunch of workmen."

"Of course," said Mansley, "you couldn't wear that suit."

"Aw," said Quenton, "it's not the suit. It's just I don't go for the idea. I could do it all right; it's just against my principles."

"Which ones?" said Mansley. "The ones you have now or the ones you had before you met Carol?"

Horace Quenton blushed and stammered, "It's against all of 'em."

Mansley turned to Carol. "My dear," he said, "right now is where *you* come in. Get busy."

It took her less than five minutes. First she pleaded, then she insulted, and then she asked Horace if in his former career he'd ever heard of a lockout, and that did it. He accepted defeat with his own particular naïve charm.

"Pshaw," he said, "I was goin' to do it all the time! I just wanted to hear Carol beggin' me to."

THE Chrysalis, homeward bound, moved almost silently over a silent sea. It was the sort of night that does to a man's heart what soft chords on a muted violin can do. It was as tenderly romantic as a schoolboy's first backstage glimpse of a musical-comedy star. It was turning Tommy Hargreave to jelly. Yet, though it was affecting him profoundly, he wasn't conscious of the beauty of the night at all, but only of the overpowering proximity of Kathleen Brown, for she had let him put his arm around her waist and hold her hand. True, she hadn't entered into any of this with much spirit, but then Tommy operated in such matters on a small-scale basis. That his goddess would let him hold her hand was enough. That she would let him hold her hand and put an arm around her while he did it, lifted him to heights of dizzy fancy.

They were sitting on a large mahogany locker up near the bow, from where they had a view, unbroken by stanchions or awnings, of the moon. The ship was heading toward it, running straight down the moonglade of shining water. The moon was already low in the sky over Miami. In an hour the Chrysalis would be there. Tommy felt as if he was in the eighth chukker of a cup polo match with the score tied and thirty seconds to play. He nerved himself for the final drive, the great push, the sprint. He pressed his arm a little tighter around Kathleen's waist, took a deep breath, clenched his teeth and muttered, "Here goes!" and then, forgetting what roughly amounted to around ten million dollars, to say nothing of large houses at Newport, Palm Beach, and New York, "Kathleen—dear—I haven't anything to offer you except my love. Will you marry me?"

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

KATHLEEN BROWN, once a saleslgirl at the Palm Beach branch of Parkes-Fifth Avenue, becomes engaged to Johnsy Hamilton, wealthy owner of a large New England shoe factory. There is labor trouble at the plant and Johnsy goes north to settle it. Kathleen and her adopted uncle, Seton Mansley, follow because she wants to be with her fiancé.

Mansley, who lives in a trailer—in spite of the fact that he looks like a prosperous banker—hates to leave the South, where he has been very successful at gambling with the rich people to whom he has been introduced by Carol West, a friend of Johnsy. Therefore, when Kathleen and Johnsy quarrel because she believes he is letting his business come between them, Mansley is only too glad of an excuse to go back to Florida.

He gets in touch with Tommy Hargreave, who is in love with Kathleen, and arranges for Tommy to invite them for a cruise on his yacht. Then he tries to reach Carol West, with whom, or near whom, he knows he will find Horace Quenton, a good-looking Westerner who once was a union organizer. If he can get Quenton to help him, he believes he can save Kathleen and Johnsy's romance.

Kathleen pressed the hand that held hers. She thought, next to Uncle Seton, Tommy Hargreave was the sweetest person she had ever met. But she felt, especially after the past two weeks when they'd been together all the time, as if he were her brother. She rested her head on his shoulder.

"I'm going to start with 'But,'" she said. "Then you'll know."

She felt him wince, felt his hand tremble, then felt it go steady as he took another deep breath.

"Oh, that's all right," he said. "I knew before I asked, but that wasn't any reason not to."

"I'm proud that you did, Tommy," said Kathleen. "You see, I probably love you more than anybody I know, except Uncle Seton, but I love you the wrong way."

Tommy was almost glad it was over. He had had to ask her to marry him and make sure she wouldn't before he could know peace, because until he did there was always the maddening thought that if he asked her, she might.

"I know," he said. "You want to be a sister to me."

Kathleen lifted her head and looked at him in surprise. He had taken the words practically out of her mouth.

"How on earth did you know that?" she asked.

"It's happened to me before," said Tommy gloomily. "In fact, it always happens to me. I could have more sisters than anybody you ever heard of." He was silent for a moment, then he said, "I suppose you're still nuts about that heel."

"He's not a heel," said Kathleen. "He's just dumb."

"You still engaged to him?"

"No," she said. "I'm not ever going to be engaged to anybody, Tommy. It—it doesn't work."

"Oh, see here," said Tommy, outraged, "you can't waste your sweetness on the desert vine."

"Desert air," said Kathleen. "Not vine. Yes, I can. That's just where I'm going to waste it, too. Uncle Seton says he feels like going West. I'd like that. I can't stand to be around here much more. It gets me unhappy." She sighed. "Tommy, I don't know what I'd have done without you. You've been just wonderful to me."

She patted his hand and lay back against his shoulder again, bathing in the balm of his devotion. Tommy's arm went back around her waist. Kathleen watched the moon sink behind the Miami skyscrapers that had risen out of the sea now. Tommy watched Kathleen and suffered. They stayed there until they came opposite Miami Beach and passed through the inlet into Biscayne Bay. Then suddenly Kathleen put her arms around Tommy, kissed him, and got down.

"That was for thank you," she said.

"Probably," said Tommy, "I'll never get over it."

They walked aft then to the deck saloon where Tommy's father and mother and Mansley and the Olmsteads were playing poker, and a few minutes later the engines stopped and the anchor chain thundered through the hawsepipes. Having been to Havana and Nassau, they had to wait until the doctor of the port came aboard and passed them as healthy before they could go ashore.

A little after this the deck steward came in and deposited a sheaf of New York, Miami, and Palm Beach newspapers on a table at the end of the room. No one paid any attention to them. People who have been off on a cruise aren't ever very keen to immerse themselves in the sorrows of the world again.

It is probable that Kathleen, who didn't like newspapers anyway, wouldn't have noticed them at all if she hadn't happened to get thirsty and if the tray of drinks and the thermos jug of ice cubes hadn't been on the same table as the papers. While she was fixing herself a drink and Tommy was separating stuck ice cubes for her, her eye fell on the Tribune.

"It's snowing in New York," she said. And then a front-page heading caught her eye. "Oh!" she said in a choked voice.

What has Kathleen seen in the paper? Is it bad news about Johnsy? And will it take her back to him? Don't miss the wind-up of a tangled love affair in the exciting final installment. In Liberty next week!

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No more tearful typists. No more black looks. Jack's not having black *toast* any longer—and he radiates cheer. After *loaves* of bread went up in smoke, the little wife got wise and bought a *Toastmaster* automatic toaster. She sets the button for a light tan shade for *her*... a good warm brown for *him*. Up pop the slices, *perfect* every time. No watching, no turning, no *burning*. *You* can do it too! The handsome 2-slice *Toastmaster** toaster is $16.00. The 1-slice toaster, $9.95—wherever fine appliances are sold.

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To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 4 SECONDS

WHEN we celebrate Thanksgiving as a national holiday, what we're actually doing is *saying grace*, all together as a nation, for the blessings of America. With that in mind, I thought it might be interesting at this time to find out how the reverent custom of saying grace at table has been getting on lately. For information I went to Dr. Joseph R. Sizoo, of the Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas, oldest Protestant church in North America. "The custom is slowly but surely being revived," he told me. "A minister mustn't name names, but you'd be surprised if I were to mention the rich and fashionable families I know who now say grace in private. Children like to be invited to say grace for every one at table. The shortest grace, easiest for a child to remember, is simply, 'Lord bless our daily food.' Probably the oldest grace, the one said oftenest by our Pilgrim fathers, went like this: 'God is great and God is good, and we thank Him for this food. By His hand must all be fed. Give us, Lord, our daily bread.'"

Dr. Sizoo broadcasts talks on Religion and the New World over Station WJZ. I asked him where we can locate a wide variety of graces from which to choose. The Book of Common Prayer, he said, or any of the many books for family prayer. Look them up at your library. There are a few special books on the subject, such as M. E. Munson's Table Graces for Daily Use; also Grace Before Meals (published by Winston & Co., Philadelphia. Fifty cents.)

☆ Thrift having been such a popular virtue in Puritan days, anything about thrift ought to suit Thanksgiving week, even though it concerns the richest man in the world, and a heathen at that. Richest man is the Nazim of Hyderabad, India. Friend of mine returned from there recently with this story: Pussyfooting around his estate, the Nazim overheard one gardener accuse another of loan-shark usury—twenty rupees for a loan of six. Sternly the Nazim butted in. To the debtor he said, "Your pay will be docked ten rupees." To the creditor he said, "You will settle for ten, and you'll receive six. My treasury will get the four rupees interest, to teach you both a lesson. Never borrow or lend money!"

☆ Our good old roast-turkey dinner with standard American fixings is much too traditional, I think, to be monkeyed with in any way. But for a leftover party, a day or so after Thanksgiving, try these *Turkey Rolls with Cinnamon Pineapple:* . . . Make a soft biscuit dough, using 2 cups sifted flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, salt, ½ cup shortening, ¾ cup ice-cold milk. Knead dough 1 minute; roll out to half-inch thickness; cut in strips 3 inches by 4. Spread each strip with mixture prepared as follows: 1 cup finely minced turkey, 1 teaspoon onion juice, 2 tablespoons turkey gravy. Roll the strips up; moisten and seal the ends; brush rolls with egg yolk; place in buttered pan and bake 20 minutes in hot oven. Slowly cook slices canned pineapple in own syrup with 1 tablespoon cinnamon candies to 8 slices pineapple. Cook until candies melt and fruit is well glazed. Serve turkey rolls and spiced pineapple together, hot or cold.

☆ We think of home at Thanksgiving time, particularly if we are lonely youngsters obliged by circumstance to seek our coziness in tearooms. A lady who runs a tearoom has just told me about a romance that took place there. Last year two of her steady customers fell in love; but the girl ran off with an older, wealthier man, and after that the boy disappeared. Last month the girl came back—back from Reno. Although there had been no communication between the two of them, the boy wandered in that very same night, for the first time since she went away.

Explain it however you please—my tearoom lady calls it *love transmission.* She was the guest of honor at their wedding.

"Encyclopedias! We caught Information Please with their shirttails out!"

☆ At lunch in New York the other day with H. G. Wells, he told me the roar of bombs and antiaircraft guns around his London home had not disturbed his writing mood nearly as much as does a dripping faucet or a barking dog next door. . . . This may assist your argument in case your family charges you with being more easily upset by trifles than by things of real importance.

☆ On home furnishing, decorating, painting, etc., the best new book I've seen is Do It Yourself, by Willella de Campi. (Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.)

☆ Nicest news of the season comes from Oklahoma, where a financially busted little Baptist college struck oil right smack in the middle of the campus, thus saving its gates of learning from being closed by debt. What a Thanksgiving *that* college crowd will have! And what a picture story for Mickey Rooney!

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A playful pup, eager to be petted, scampers to the door. His master's hearty handclasp welcomes you inside and a deep chair invites you to relax beside the fireplace. No mistaking them. These are symbols of friendliness—of which there are many. Words of praise or kindly counsel ...an ear for the other fellow's problems and a heart for those less fortunate than we...a smile for the world at large...cookies for the neighbors' kids...a thoughtful 'phone call...flowers for a hostess...hospitality however simple. These little gestures speak every man's and woman's language and they say, "It's so easy to be friendly."

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Liberty's Patriotic

UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION

Quiz Contest

BELOW is the eleventh in Liberty's series of short quizzes on the Constitution of the United States in which are asked questions that every citizen of the nation should be familiar with. Probably you have already entered and have set down the answers to the earlier sets of questions, in which case you have refreshed your knowledge of the Constitution by repeated readings. If you have not started but intend to get into the game and file a claim for some of Liberty's cash prize money while renewing your knowledge of our democracy's foundation, now is the time to act. This is the last issue in which late-entry reprints of foregoing quizzes will be offered as explained in detail elsewhere on this page. So, if you want to enter, do it now!

Read the brief Rules carefully so that you will understand exactly how to go about constructing a prize-winning entry. Then clip this week's quiz and answer the questions as directed.

Naturally you will want to refer to a copy of the Constitution in order to answer the questions accurately. More than likely you have a reference book containing the Constitution. Your public library also will help. However, if you want a personal copy of the historic document for use in connection with this contest, Liberty can supply it. Mail your request to the address given in Rule 8 and enclose ten cents in stamps to cover the cost of handling and mailing. It will be forwarded promptly.

UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION QUIZ No. 11

1. **Who presides at the impeachment of a President?**
2. **Where in the Constitution is "involuntary servitude" made legal by exception?**
3. **Under the Constitution can both the President and Vice-President be citizens of the same state?**
4. **Article 1 of the Constitution of the United States deals with what broad subject?**
5. **How is the Speaker of the House of Representatives chosen?**

FINAL LATE-ENTRY OFFER

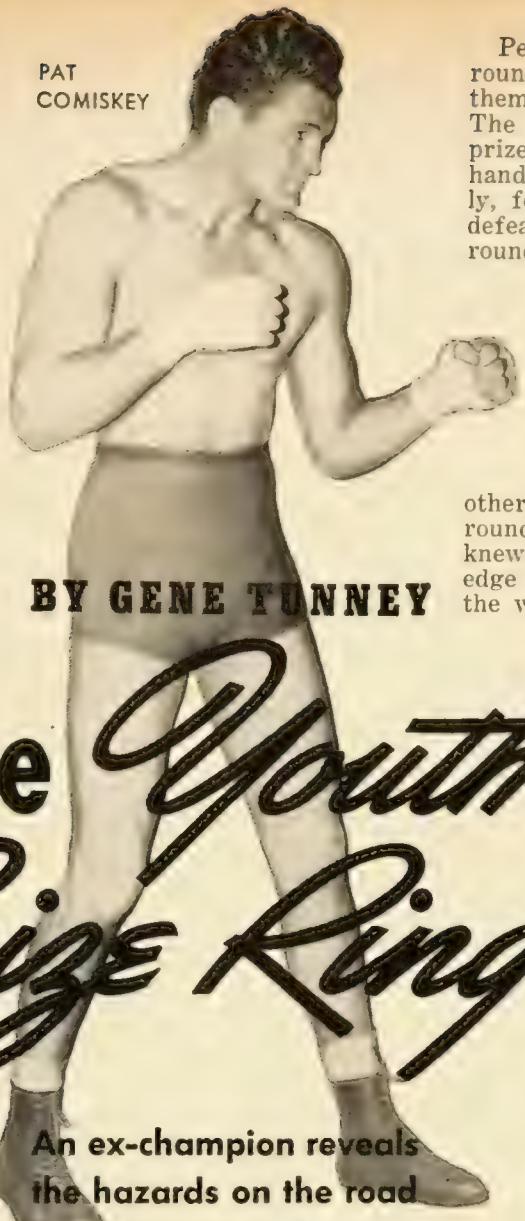
If you are entering the contest from this page and need the first ten sets of questions to bring your entry up to date, do not delay in ordering your set of reprints. This is the final reprint offer. No quizzes after No. 10, which appeared last week, will be supplied. If you need any or all of the quizzes which have appeared before No. 11 on this page, mail your request to the address in Rule 8 and enclose ten cents in postage to cover cost of mailing and handling. When the reprints are received you will have time to supply the answers and bring your entry even with the field. Make sure your order is mailed in time to reach us on or before Monday, November 25. Requests received after that dead line cannot be filled. Act now and avoid disappointment.

PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	$ 500
SECOND PRIZE	250
THIRD PRIZE	100
FOURTH PRIZE	50
FIFTY PRIZES, each $10	500
220 PRIZES, each $5	1,100
TOTAL PRIZES	$2,500

THE RULES

1. Each week for thirteen weeks, ending with the issue dated December 7, 1940, Liberty will publish a set of questions on the Constitution of the United States.
2. To compete, simply clip the coupon containing the questions, paste it at the top of a sheet of paper, and write the answers in numerical order underneath. In answering, wherever possible state first the Article of the Constitution, second the Section, and finally, while you are not restricted as to the number of words you can use, for the sake of brevity use the fewest words possible, preferably words selected direct from the Constitution. When answers are found in the Amendments, substitute the word "Amendment" for "Article" when writing your answers.
3. Do not send in answers until the end of the contest, when you will have a set of thirteen coupons and the requisite answers. Then enter them as a unit. Individual coupons and answers cannot be accepted.
4. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
5. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.
6. Entries will be judged upon the accuracy and logic of the answers given.
7. On this basis, the best entry will be awarded the $500 First Prize. The second, third, and fourth best entries will be awarded the $250 Second Prize, $100 Third Prize, and $50 Fourth Prize, in the order of their excellence. The fifty next best entries will receive $10 each, and the 220 next best entries will be awarded $5 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
8. All entries must be submitted by First Class mail, addressed to Constitution Quiz Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
9. To be considered, all entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, Wednesday, December 18, 1940, the closing date of this contest.



BY GENE TUNNEY

What Price Youth in the Prize Ring?

An ex-champion reveals the hazards on the road to a heavyweight crown

THE world nowadays is much concerned with the problems of youth. There's endless sympathetic talk about the difficulties and woes of the young. This is all very praiseworthy, and I'd like to carry on the good work—one special angle of it. I'd like to call attention to the problems of young prizefighters.

I was inspired to this humane concern as I watched the recent Baer-Comiskey bout in Jersey City. Sitting at the ringside, I saw youth beaten by age, and I found myself thinking: It should never have happened. Maxie was too old for Pat Comiskey. Youth should not be pitted against age. Be kind to young prizefighters.

It is a cold and sober fact that an athlete is at his best, or should be, at a later age than most people suppose. This is especially true of boxers, and more especially of heavyweights.

I first saw Pat Comiskey when he was sixteen. He was awkward and clumsy but terrifically effective. He knocked out his opponent. I was not surprised when subsequently, as a professional, he ran up a string of a dozen-odd knockouts. I went to most of his bouts. I felt that this kid boxer was a potential champion.

Pat made me think back more than a score of years. I myself began as a kid boxer. At fifteen I was battling in the old-time smokers, precursors of the present-day amateurs. I must have had a score of those amateur bouts by the time I was eighteen, and then I did a lot of scrapping in preliminary fights at the professional clubs. Altogether, I imagine that of all the heavyweight champions I had the most experience as a young, perhaps too young, prizefighter. So I am in a position to know the problems of youth and pugilism—as exemplified in Pat Comiskey.

The development of a heavyweight champion is, I think, the number one problem in the world of sports. The rewards are the highest. If you can develop a boxer from novice to heavyweight champion of the world, it means a million. But the difficulties are equally great. The first bedeviling problem is how not to get your heavyweight prospect knocked out. A knockout may finish him then and there. It's different in the lighter classes. A lightweight or bantamweight tyro can get punched around a lot without ruining his career at the outset. He can be beaten repeatedly, and can say, "So what?" That is, he can if he's getting better. He will lose decisions. But the heavyweight is likely to get knocked out. There's a simple physical reason for this. As size increases, punching power increases, while resistance to a punch does not increase in the same proportion. That's why there are so many more knockouts in heavyweight bouts, which in turn is why the clash of heavyweights is the ace attraction in the fight game. Moreover, the K. O. can be permanently damaging—psychologically and physically.

A lightweight or bantamweight, dropping a lot of decisions, will get experience all the while, and it will teach him the game. It's the only school. Experience and ringcraft are the absolute necessities for a boxer. How can a young heavyweight get them without being knocked out?

Perhaps it will be the other way round—he'll score knockouts, a lot of them. That, too, can be a problem. The old socko is the treasure of the prize ring, but it may be a positive handicap to a beginner. Paradoxically, for him it may be better to be defeated in a hard-fought fifteen-round decision than to score a knockout in the first round. The youthful possessor of the devastating wallop is likely to get an insufficient number of fighting rounds in the ring.

I myself began as a knocker out with a string of rapid-fire victories, and I got into such a state of mind that if the other fellow lasted as long as the fifth round I'd think I was slipping. I knew better—but conscious knowledge can sometimes be futile. It's the way you feel about things that counts the most. I knew I had to get experience, but rather hoped I wouldn't.

Then my hands went bad. I cracked them up, and they weren't right for years. My string of knockouts stopped abruptly. I had to box my way through fights. I got an abundance of rounds in the ring, and acquired the experience that I needed. Otherwise, very likely, I should never have won the heavyweight championship.

To be sure, a string of knockouts will make a youngster supremely confident. You've got to build up confidence in a beginner. Often a cagey manager will put the young hopeful in with hand-picked fighters he can surely defeat. The greener the boy is, the more the hand-picking. And some managers go even further. They'll put in opponents to "take a dive." A budding pugilist may win a string of fake bouts, all designed to give him the feeling that he is a winner. Of course he doesn't know they're fake. But suppose he should find out! What would become of his confidence then? Or suppose that, never knowing the truth, his tank-dive triumphs should make him overconfident!

Overconfidence is a menace to a novice, and the lad Pat Comiskey was in particular danger of it. As I noted that angle of his career, it was odd

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how much there was to remind me of my own early years—but with differences. The fighting Irish kid from Jersey was surrounded by praise, flattery, enthusiasm for his prowess, cheers for the knockouts he scored. He heard a constant hurrah from handlers, friends, adherents — and from publicity, from the dope of the experts, from the sports pages.

My own experience with the danger of overconfidence began rather grotesquely. I was a mere kid boxing here and there, and something of a pride of our Greenwich Village neighborhood. Eddie O'Brian was an old-time saloonkeeper whose pride was that he never touched a drop. An ardent fight fan, he constituted himself my manager, worked at it hard, never took a penny. He was the most enthusiastic and possibly the worst manager in the history of pugilism. He was so bad, it was good. He proclaimed that the kid Gene Tunney was the greatest fighter in the world. He told me endlessly that I could defeat any pugilist alive.

I was then sixteen. Tall and rangy, but sixteen. According to old Eddie, I could lick any middleweight with ease. I was young and I might have been foolish, but I couldn't quite swallow all that. All I could do was laugh and pay little attention. So I started out by not believing exaggerated praise and flattery—a good beginning. When I returned from France as the light-heavyweight champion of the A. E. F., I was awarded an abundance of newspaper space. My story was a natural. I was the Fighting Marine. My manager pushed the publicity for all it was worth. If I had believed all that was written about my prowess, I'd have been a sadly deluded tyro as I embarked on a career that I hoped would make me champion.

For a novice, there's one kind of fighter who's the worst poison of all —the Max Baer kind. Baer is a hard-hitting veteran who knows all the tricks. He has been kicked around and is shopworn—but watch out when Maxie faces somebody who can be baffled by his antics, some youth he can browbeat. Then he'll be a great deal of the same Max Baer who smashed down Primo Carnera.

Even the stoutest-hearted lad, with his juvenility and inexperience, tends to be intimidated in the menacing atmosphere of the prize ring. And there's nothing an old-timer relishes quite so much as throwing a scare into a novice. In the army in France I fought a tough veteran, Tommy Gavagan by name. When the referee called us to the center of the ring Gavagan came out accompanied by his handler, Bob Ligget. Bob is now business manager of the St. Paul Dispatch. In after years we became close friends, but that afternoon at Romorantin I hated him for the trick they played. Gavagan spoke loudly to the referee. "When I've knocked him down," he demanded belligerently, "can I stand over him and hit him as he gets up? Or must I step back ten feet?" Referee Joe Gorman replied, "No, you don't have to step back ten feet, but you can't stand over him, either." Whereupon Gavagan's handler, Bob Ligget, put in his raucous query: "You mean, if Tunney isn't knocked cold Gavagan won't have to step back ten feet?"

THE referee, walking with me to my corner, told me to pay no attention to them. I myself was already aware that it was a bulldozing trick. But I was not hardened enough in ring matters not to be made angry. I came out burning with indignation. I put everything I had into a punch, my favorite punch —a straight right hand to the heart. And it landed. But all that Gavagan did was to fold his arms, turn right around, face his seconds, and laugh. I didn't know what to make of that. I stepped back and gaped—intimidated in spite of myself. So Gavagan had time to recover from the blow. He boxed cagily for the rest of the round. I was told later that when he went to his corner he told Bob Ligget, "That kid is strong and can hit like hell." But I should have known at the time that a boxer laughing to his seconds when he's hit is an old stunt to kid his opponent into thinking the punch was nothing. Instead of stepping back and staring, I should have sailed into Gavagan and knocked him out. As it was, the best I could get was a draw after twelve rounds.

When I learned that Pat Comiskey had been matched to fight Max Baer, I knew it was a disastrous piece of matchmaking. Pat himself selected Baer as his opponent. He saw Max beat Tony Galento, and he is supposed to have said, "Baer won't be able to step back and pull his tights up against me. I'll just hit him on the potato"—never realizing that, in that theatrical display of contempt for an opponent, Baer could not be hit on the potato. He would be ready. Where Comiskey's handlers were at fault was in permitting the boy to make a match for himself. No youngster should be allowed to select his own opponents—unless he has the gift of caution in a high degree.

I myself had the gift of caution—acquired it early. My first boxing experience came when I offered myself as a sparring partner to a local fighter who was the pride of the

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neighborhood. The amount of beating I took, night after night, month after month, instilled into me a lifelong habit of defense—and caution.

If only Pat Comiskey had had a similar habit, he would never have matched himself with Max Baer. In the ring Max immediately resorted to his tricks, such as jeering when Pat's punch landed. I think the boy was baffled and bewildered—part of the explanation of what happened.

But then, I don't think that Pat at nineteen was as good physically as Baer at thirty-one—or how old is Baer? I don't think he had the power and durability of the old man, not even though for years Baer lived more the life of a playboy than of an athlete keeping in condition. Thirty-one is simply better than nineteen.

I was seventeen when I fought my first professional fight. My opponent was a routine third-rater named Dawson. We were boxing at the lightweight limit. At that time it was customary for boxers to weigh in just before a bout, each in the other's presence, so that each could see that the other was not overweight. When the time came for the weighing in, I wasn't there—a bit late. Dawson demanded, "Where's this guy Tunney?" He was told that I was in my dressing room. He came storming in. I had got into fighting togs and was sitting in a corner.

"Where's Tunney?" he shouted. "Come and get weighed in! I'm going to see how much you weigh."

As I rose he took a sharp look at me. He saw a long skinny neck, thin waist, dangling arms, all the earmarks of seventeen and immature.

He waved me back. "Oh, sit down," he growled. "I don't care if you weigh a ton."

He figured it was the same old story—an overgrown kid physically undeveloped. He was right, though in the ring he found that I had a good deal of boxing knowledge and could hit. By the time we had sparred five rounds I was desperately arm-weary and my legs were heavy. Part of this was because I didn't know how to keep hitting without wasting strength. But mainly it was because I was not old enough. True, in the end I was able to land a desperate uppercut that won the fight for me. But essentially Dawson was right.

Thirteen years later, in my last bout in the prize ring, I fought the rugged Australian, Tom Heeney. It took punching, and plenty of it, to subjugate him. I never hit half so many punches in any other fight as I did in this one. And yet I never felt the slightest arm-weariness. I could have gone on punching all night. I know that I was at my physical peak the night I beat Heeney—at my physical best at thirty. Possibly I could have remained at it a couple of years!

I should say that for heavyweights in general the physical peak should come between twenty-eight and thirty-two. A lightweight or a bantamweight will take the turn for the downgrade somewhat earlier. That's because he has to make weight, which a heavyweight doesn't. He has to keep incessantly in training to get in under the limit. He has to undergo ordeals of intensive exercise and drying out. So he's likely to burn himself out, and reach the turning point sooner than he normally should. In the exceptional case, when a boxer of the lighter classes is naturally within the limit of his division—well, look at Johnny Dundee and how long he lasted.

Joe Louis sustained a savage knockout by Max Schmeling. The simple fact is that the brown boy, for all the dazzling fighting power he had shown, was still immature both in experience and physically.

Same with Pat Comiskey at nineteen. He can surmount this one-round knockout at the hands of Baer. He can still go ahead, he can still become a champion, if he can overcome the knockout's psychological effect, for the fight was too short to injure him physically.

In all the sports a man is at his best a good deal later than is generally thought. In football, for example, the pros can always beat the collegians. For the pros are simply college stars who have reached the fullness of their powers. Altogether, youth is badly served by exaggerated emphasis on the adage that youth will be served.

THE END

"I hope MY wife sees this advertisement"

● **It was nearly driving me crazy . . .** that habit Molly has of borrowing a bulb from my reading lamp. So, tonight, I was ready for murder, when I found the lamp so dim that I had to twist like a pretzel to read. And then there it was! The BIG IDEA . . . in an advertisement. *'Keep spare G-E MAZDA lamps on your cupboard shelf . . . and end bulbsnatching!'* This ad goes on Molly's plate tomorrow morning. But just in case she doesn't catch on, I think I'll come home with some new G-E MAZDA lamps myself."

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Is the hand Quicker than the eye?

A lively, informing look at the ways of the magic-masters

TO begin an article at this advanced date with the sentence that starts off, "There are two kinds of people," is one of the surest ways of committing reader-interest suicide. Yet I'll risk it. So:

There are two kinds of people—those who are pushovers for the tricks of professional prestidigitators and stage magicians, and those who prefer to buy gold-mine stocks, play Wall Street, and bet on the races.

The second kind of sucker doesn't interest me. But when it comes to the first, I am a member-goat of long and honorable standing, and this despite the fact that I have never fallen for the economy of a reversible necktie or a two-pants suit of which the coat hypothetically doesn't outshine the other pair of pants.

Just to make things with the reader worse, I now subdivide the first part of that "There are two kinds of people" with still another "There are two kinds of people."

There are two kinds of people—those who are completely mystified by the tricks, and those who offensively spoil the fun by saying they know how it's done. Here I have the honor to confess that I belong simultaneously to both groups. That is, although I know how most of the tricks are done, I nevertheless find myself mystified by the consummate skill with which the professors do them.

Of these professors who have been on American view in the last fifty years, five stand out. First, there was Herrmann, or the Great Herrmann, as he billed himself. Second, came Kellar. Third, there was Ching Ling Foo. Fourth, came Thurston. And now, with all these others gone, there is Dante.

But what, I hear you ask, of Houdini? Houdini was not strictly a magician, though he occasionally varied his act with feats of legerdemain. He was primarily what he dubbed himself: an "escape artist." His acclaim rested not on pulling rabbits out of hats and suchlike, but on extricating himself from handcuffs, strait-jackets, and tied sacks, which is quite another art form.

Herrmann, who was the most impressive of all the boys of his ancient and august order, offered as his *pièce de résistance* the so-called levitation trick. The illusion consisted in placing a woman (Adelaide Herrmann, his wife) flat on a table, covering her with a cloth, pronouncing the cabalistic words "chop suey" in pig-Latin, and causing her to float rigidly in the circumambient ether. It never failed to induce a profound awe, the awe—as Lew Dockstader, who never had any respect for tricks and bought gold-mine stocks instead, used to say—being awegmented when Herrmann moved a hoop around the figure to show there were no wires holding it up.

Although Herrmann's successors repeated the trick, and although Dante still does, it has long been considered old-hat, as almost everybody is on to the fact that . . .*

Kellar's particular meal ticket was a disappearance act called "the Mystery of the Princess Karma." The Princess Karma was a pretty Irish girl named Sally McQuinn who, dressed up like a box of Turkish nougat, was seated in a heavy chair on a small platform, similarly embellished like an Armenian delicatessen store, who was covered with a cloth, and at the shot of a pistol, the smoke from which was amplified by that from a dozen large punk sticks, disappeared in what under the circumstances was perhaps rather excessively described as "the full view of the audience." It went big for some years. Then suddenly it, too, became old-hat, although it is often repeated under one or another name even today.

It made use of . . .*

The Chinaman Ching Ling Foo, who wore dragon-embroidered robes, voluminous enough to enfold within them not only the Dionne quintuplets but Dr. Dafoe to boot, relied for his biggest mazuma bait on the materialization from nowhere—except possibly from the whole Follies wardrobe embellishing his person—of graduated pans and fishbowls, all of them unbelievably filled with water.*

Thurston's top trick was also a water act, and probably the best that has ever been shown. The illusion here consisted of a stage peopled by assistants in Japanese costume, among whom Thurston, similarly clad, passed with a wand. From whatever his wand touched, whether a parasol, a fan, or a person's ear or foot, a stream of water flowed. This one bamboozled your present professor for several years and interfered seriously with his sleep. Then, one day, being a friend of the late Fred Moore who managed the theater in

Signor Dante, best-known living American magician, startlingly produces a dove out of nowhere.

* Here certain details are censored by the Society of American Magicians.

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR LIBERTY BY JOHN SCOTT

Dante does his famous billiard-ball trick with the help of one of his pretty assistants.

Atlantic City where Thurston was playing, he prevailed upon Fred to let him in on the torturing secret.

Fred escorted your professor to the . . . where . . .* deftly put the business into operation.

We come now to the latest of the Cagliostros, Signor Dante. Born plain Harry A. Jansen in Denmark and long an associate of Thurston, this Dante presents as his specialties two illusions. One is called "Television," described as "the visible transportation of a human being, or how to be in two places at the same time." The other is called "Stratosphere," described in turn as "the world's newest and fastest illusion; greater than the Hindu Rope trick and positively the last word in modern stagecraft." (That "greater than the Hindu Rope trick," incidentally, calls for a bit of explanation from our fine-goateed friend, since in the program of his show he expresses his belief that there isn't any such trick and offers $10,000 for a performance of it.)

The Television illusion shows a blonde assistant seated in a cabinet. Only her head is visible. Slowly the lights fade out, and as her head fades out with them her head gradually comes into view in an adjoining cabinet. This is a paraphrase of an old-time illusion given the necessary touch of modernity by the employment of the word television. Sometimes it is done with . . .*

And sometimes, in the older days and under another name, it was done with a lightning . . .*

The effect of the Stratosphere illusion is of a precipitantly dropped tall open wicker basket containing three people, the disappearance of the trio, and their almost instantaneous appearance in the auditorium of the theater. This, too, is an ancient one under a modern label. A black velvet or black cloth backdrop, an . . .*

The Sawing a Woman in Two act, which Dante claims to have perfected, has also been stale and knowledgeable stuff for at least ten years, as pretty nearly everybody has for some time now been privy to the secret that it is . . .* The Headless Woman illusion which has lately been a feature of odditoriums and side shows is at least thirty years old. But even the people who sneer that almost everything . . .* overlook that so is the Headless Woman.

The magician's lot, nevertheless and generally, is no longer the happy one it once was. Various things have conspired to reduce the mystery that once cloaked him, even though still, like Dante, he affect devilish black mustachios, a satanic goatee, sinister black eye-brows, and drape his person in Mephistophelian black cape. Trouble first began for him some years ago when the Scientific American every now and then printed explanations of some of his pet tricks. It grew when Popular Mechanics took up the practice. And it increased tenfold when, more recently, publishers began to get out fat books, many of them all-revelatory, about his craft and when there began to open up countless little so-called novelty shops with tricks for sale at small prices.

Thus today, when the average man sees a stage magico pull a large bouquet of flowers out of a handkerchief, he knows from his own purchasing experience that the bouquet is made of expanding feather flowers that may easily be compressed in one's palm. He also knows that the silk hat has a false bottom; that the coin has got into the smallest of the nest of six tightly bound boxes through a small slot poked down into it from the back and thereupon quickly withdrawn; that the apparently solid steel bar with the steel rings at either end can be unscrewed not at the ends, as seems remotely possible, but toward the innocent middle; and that a plate of glass may rapidly be converted into a serviceable trick mirror via a small gully containing quicksilver.

I have said that there are few new tricks. I have also said that any one who says that he knows how tricks are done is regarded as being pretty offensive. So now I'll offer you a new trick of my own amateurish invention and make myself pretty offensive by telling you how it is done, thus being doubly offensive.

You first take two empty bottles. You then go to a writing table and write whatever you will on a sheet of paper. This sheet you fold, place in one bottle, tightly cork the bottle, and place the bottle on a mantel or where you will. You then take a sheet of blank paper, fold it, place it in the other bottle, tightly cork the bottle, and place the bottle, in turn, any distance you choose from the first bottle.

I touch nothing in the meanwhile. All I do is string a connecting piano wire—a loop around each end—from one bottle to the other. After a few minutes I request you to examine the bottles. In the first bottle you find that the sheet of paper on which you have written is blank. In the second bottle you find that the originally blank sheet of paper has your written message on it. (Loud applause and profound mystification.)

Explanation: The ink on the writing table, it has been seen to, is vanishing ink. The sheet of paper under the sheet on which you have written is carbonized to take the imprint of what you have written and has been further treated with a coating of invisible ink. The ink in the first bottle rapidly disappears, leaving blank the sheet of paper on which you have written. The heat of the tightly corked second bottle rapidly brings out the impressed invisible ink on the presumably blank sheet of paper.

But what of the piano wire? You've got it. Like the ostrich in the old riddle. "What's the difference between steamships, cows, and an ostrich?", it's just put in to make it harder.

THE END

* Here certain details are censored by the Society of American Magicians.

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

CAN HITLER TAKE CENTRAL AMERICA?

Here's startling evidence of new and fear-inspiring Nazi plans for the future

THERE are people in Washington who believe that, if England falls, Hitler plans immediate invasion of the United States via Africa and South and Central America. I am myself convinced of this after a recent thorough survey through Mexico, Central and South America, the republics and islands of the Caribbean area.

Army and navy officials in our nation's capital have been studying for some time secret Nazi documents to the effect that German and Italian bombers and troop-carrying planes would wing their way from Dakar on the west coast of Africa to Natal on the easternmost tip of Brazil.

For the past three years German and Italian commercial planes have been crossing the narrowest section of the South Atlantic twice weekly in a few hours. Fast modern warplanes could do it in even less time. From the Brazilian coast a Nazi air fleet could go on to Venezuela and Colombia within a very short time indeed. And remember that American commercial airliners fly from those countries to the United States in eight and a half hours.

Hitler's airmen, reaching the Caribbean, might divide in two groups, believe some of those high in national defense councils in Washington. They believe that one armada of several hundred bombers would race up to Costa Rica and Mexico, the other to prearranged bases in the Lesser Antilles and in the Bahamas. Nazi troopships would be by this time in the Caribbean. Meanwhile, local German "planters" in Colombia and Costa Rica would have taken care of the near-by Panama Canal, temporarily shutting the U. S. battle fleet out of the Atlantic.

All over northern South America and Central America I saw what I regarded as advance preparations for the Nazi invasion. Private Nazi airports abound. German planters have their own planes. I was told that German officers are training natives with German guns. I understand that in Mexico the same condition exists, only on a much larger scale and far better organized.

Among the Bahamas and the Antilles I was told that the Intelligence Department of our navy has uncovered large caches of high-test gasoline, food, tropical equipment for aviators, even gun emplacements, on seldom visited atolls. Some of these were brought to light this summer by fishermen and yachtsmen who chanced upon them.

Bear in mind that if Germany were to make good the plans now in possession of our Army and Navy Intelligence Departments, she would land troops in our Gulf Coast ports, and bring them overland from Mexico, a few weeks after England fell—assuming that England falls.

Bases in the Caribbean are, of course, of the greatest strategic importance to us. But can we build and equip them in time? And can they prevent Nazi pilots who have been infiltrated into the countries adjoining Panama from blocking passage through the Canal?

In both Colombia and Costa Rica the swastika is much in evidence, even though the Presidents and business leaders of these two nations are outspokenly pro-United States and pooh-pooh the idea of a Nazi coup. No one knows exactly how many Germans there are in either country, but all I talked with are sure that at least one tenth of the inhabitants have come from the Reich, and that fully 80 per cent of these are Nazis.

At the annual spring fiesta in San José, the mile-high Costa Rican capital, last May, crowds of little children, as is their custom, were singing the national anthem and laying flowers before a dais on which sat President Rafael Calderon Guardia and his Belgian-born wife. Suddenly a group of Nazi children shoved forward and their leader was the first to present her with flowers. She graciously accepted them, but quickly handed them over to another member of the Presidential party. Tears were streaming down her cheeks, for it was the very day on which Hitler had invaded her country.

Recently, by Presidential decree, in Colombia the German air-transport service was de-Germanized, and the flying service nationalized. A few Nazi pilots remained in service, but they were banned from flying. This need not mean they have been expelled from Colombia.

Most Colombian business men fly everywhere, their country being very mountainous and highways being poor. Away back in 1933 a Nazi flying service, using Junker planes, was inaugurated. Some of them are still in commercial use. The rest, I heard, were purchased by German plantation foremen, oil-company executives, and other German business men.

Colombia is one of the world's greatest oil fields. American capital controls most of the oil concerns and operates the 800-mile pipe line. This oil would be invaluable to the Nazis today. And in Barranquilla there are an excellent German school, an up-to-the-minute German club, German movie houses, banks, stores, hotels.

Germans own vast plantations in the interior. On the dozens of smaller rivers that empty into the great Magdalena, scores of fast steel vessels carry their wares to Colombian ports. Today, I hear, these river vessels carry guns. Swastikas wave astern.

Practically every plantation in Colombia and Costa Rica has its own flying field, and it is now understood in Washington that many of these private airports are owned or leased by Nazis whose planes' pilots are former Nazi commercial pilots. In Costa Rica today, it appears, Nazis control almost all key spots, own almost all essential small businesses, operate practically every fruit hacienda. Not far from the shrine of Cartago, a German baron is growing acres of calla lilies on a regulation army-sized airport. Near Alajuela, a German count raises flowers on a field that could accommodate a squadron of bombers. Huge gasoline reservoirs look out of place so close to these beautiful gardens.

Ever since 1907 the United States has been at work to make the Panama Canal impregnable. And perhaps it is. But there is entirely too much Nazi activity in Costa Rica and in Colombia, a few miles on either side, to suit me. And entirely too little is being done by us to prevent this.

THE END

Laughs out of Madness

Our critic ponders the debatable case of Chaplin in 1940

Charlie Chaplin as Hynkel, the neurotic bloodthirsty leader of Tomania, in The Great Dictator.

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

★ ★ ★½ THE GREAT DICTATOR

THE PLAYERS: Charles Chaplin, Jack Oakie, Reginald Gardiner, Henry Daniell, Billy Gilbert, Grace Hayle, Carter de Haven, Paulette Goddard, Maurice Moscovich, Emma Dunn, Bernard Gorcey, Paul Weigel. Written and directed by Charles Chaplin. Produced by Charles Chaplin-United Artists. Running time, 127 minutes.

YOUR Beverly Hills has awaited few films with such anticipation as Charlie Chaplin's The Great Dictator. And your Beverly Hills rarely has been so disappointed.

Chief reason is that the theme of Charlie's comedy is too deeply cut into tragedy—and you cannot build laughs around the madness of a bloodthirsty megalomaniac or about the torturing of an eternally persecuted race. True, Chaplin's intentions were to laugh dictators out of their bloody business. But the headlines of your daily newspaper are too fresh in your mind not to smother the laugh. The other reason? I regret to report that Charlie is not a little outmoded in his methods; his ways of trying for a laugh are dated. Which may mean that Charlie waits too long between films, lets himself stagnate. Or that Hollywood is down to one genius, Walt Disney. Thrones are precarious, even in moviedom.

The Great Dictator is the comic fable of two men who look alike. One is a poor, pathetic, mild little Jewish barber in a ghetto, the silent little man you know with the baggy trousers, the big shuffling feet, and the doe eyes. The other is Hynkel, the raging neurotic dictator of Tomania who lapses into guttural Katzenjammer double talk when he faces a mike, as he does pretty often. You see the Double Cross Troopers of Hynkel smash up the ghetto, you see the little self-effacing barber escaping an internment camp, to get mixed up with the missing dictator he resembles; you see the at last aroused barber face Hynkel's microphones and a great assemblage to appeal to the world for reason and humanity.

The two best moments are far apart. Early in the comedy the mad Hynkel faces batteries of mikes with his explosive jargon. Late in the comedy Hynkel and the other current dictator, Napaloni of Bacteria, meet to split up the world. Here the comedy hits tops in satirizing the absurdity of pomp and circumstance. There are other interludes, as when the barber shaves a man to the music of a Brahms rhapsody, or when Chaplin, as Hynkel, pillories a madman's delusions of grandeur by doing a solo ballet with a globe of the world.

There are dull stretches, the comedy is too long, the script too episodic, the reasoning confused. I like Chaplin best as Hynkel. Jack Oakie has a few moments jutting out his jaw and puffing about as Napaloni that are really funny.

I regret to report that, in being off the screen so long, Chaplin has let the procession pass him.

VITAL STATISTICS: This was completed in 171 days of shooting time. The original film ran over 400,000 feet. Chaplin says the comedy cost $2,000,000. Chaplin wrote every word of The Great Dictator, sketched all the sets before they were built, did the casting, planned the costumes, directed all the scenes, supervised the lighting and the camera work, and cut the film. Chaplin always works in closed sets, allows few, if any, visitors. Gags can be lifted by chance, visitors talking somewhere about what they saw. . . . Maurice Moscovich, who plays the kindly old man of the ghetto, is dead. Two sons survive him. One is Noel Madison, actor and writer; the other, Anton Maaskoff, the violinist. . . . When Chaplin dashed back with Paulette in that scene in the ghetto courtyard where the Storm Troopers break in, the comic slammed the heavy wooden door on a finger, broke several bones at the first joint. Made no outcry, for that would have been caught by the mikes. But they had to rush him to the Hollywood Hospital.

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ KNUTE ROCKNE—ALL AMERICAN

THE PLAYERS: Pat O'Brien, Gale Page, Ronald Reagan, Donald Crisp, Albert Basserman, John Litel, Henry O'Neill, Owen Davis, Jr., John Qualen, Dorothy Tree, John Sheffield, Nick Lukats, Kane Richmond, William Marshall, William Byrne. Screen play by Robert Buckner. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 96 minutes.

THIS conscious, cautious, careful filming of the life of the son of a Norwegian carriage maker who became a symbol and a tradition in football has its merits and its faults. With detail it traces the career of Knute Rockne from his first encounter with a football at seven, how he earned his college tuition loading mail in a Chicago post office, how he went to Notre Dame. There, as a student, he found himself facing two futures, one in chemistry, the other as a gridiron coach. You know the rest—how he passed up test tubes to revolutionize collegiate football, how finally he died in a plane crash.

The chief interest centers in Pat O'Brien's performance of the coach, plus careful rebuilding of his face by make-up experts. There are three interludes—when O'Brien gives pep talks between halves to his boys—when the actor achieves the reality of Rockne. As for the rest, his, at best, is a conscious attempt to nose his way into the character of the man who made football a great national pastime. The only other outstanding

bit is offered by Ronald Reagan as that strange little known backfield wizard of Rockne training, George Gipp.

If you like football you'll find this interesting. As a celluloid biography it loses the ball on the twenty-yard line.

VITAL STATISTICS: Warner make-up chief Perc Westmore, in rebuilding O'Brien's face, centered on reconstructing Pat's nasal appendage to resemble the coach's broken nose; in duplicating the hair, squaring the chin. O'Brien studied the football shorts made by Rockne, carefully tried for Knute's mannerisms and deliberate, slightly nasal speech, broken by characteristic hesitations between sentences. . . . Rockne's widow came out to Hollywood from South Bend, Indiana, to watch the shooting. She told Gale Page, who plays her, "You'll flatter me, but I don't mind that." . . . Father Callahan in the film is a fictional composite of two U. of N. D. presidents. . . . That's the famous Jim Thorpe who umpires the N. D.-Army game of '13 in the picture. . . . Nick Lukats, who plays one of the four horsemen, acted as technical adviser, was himself an All-American at Notre Dame. Against Southern California he played for Rockne in the last game he coached, date 1930. Rockne was killed in March, 1931.

★★★ THIRD FINGER, LEFT HAND

THE PLAYERS: Myrna Loy, Melvyn Douglas, Raymond Walburn, Lee Bowman, Bonita Granville, Felix Bressart, Donald Meek, Ann Morriss, Ernest Whitman. Screen play by Lionel Houser. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 96 minutes.

MAYBE this tries a little hard to be ingenious and smart but, with Melvyn Douglas and Myrna Loy in the leads, it can't help being amusing and bright much of the time.

Miss Loy is the editor of a smart women's fashion magazine who has invented a husband as "job insurance." The publisher, you probably guess, has a roving eye; Mrs. Publisher is an exceedingly jealous grand dame. Nobody has been able to hold this particular post—until Margot Sherwood (alias Myrna) comes along with her fictitious safety-first spouse. Imagine Margot's surprise, then, when a shrewd debonair artist turns up, says he's Mr. Editor, and puts the lady on the spot.

It is Mr. Douglas' comedy by several shades. One Ernest Whitman, as a colored Pullman porter, walks off with a real hit. The proceedings are amusing, but Third Finger, Left Hand often strains for its laughs.

VITAL STATISTICS: Myrna's real name was Myrna Williams. She is thirty-five. Whisper: Myrna's husband, Producer Arthur Hornblow, Jr., calls her Minnie. . . . Here Bonita Granville graduates from brat roles to debutantes. Daughter of a headline stage family, she started behind the footlights at three. . . . Melvyn Douglas was born on April 5, also the birth date of Bette Davis and Spencer Tracy. Mel is thirty-nine.

Short Review:

★★★ ANGELS OVER BROADWAY (Columbia). Here Thomas Mitchell steals another hit, as a drunken playwright trying to forget three flops. Appears a bookkeeper, caught after the appropriation of $3,000, about to kill himself. Mitchell, as Gene Gibbons, takes over the gent's fate, sets about to acquire $3,000 by dawn. Background of a tough gangster-infested New York hotel. Momentarily exciting. And there's Mitchell, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., as a hard-boiled trimmer of suckers, Rita Hayworth as a lovely café singer. (79 minutes.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Arise, My Love, Boom Town, Foreign Correspondent, Our Town, The Baker's Wife.

★★★½—The Thief of Bagdad, North West Mounted Police, The Westerner, Strike Up the Band, Rhythm on the River, I Love You Again, They Drive by Night, The Great McGinty, The Mortal Storm.

★★★—Christmas in July, Spring Parade, City for Conquest, Brigham Young, The Howards of Virginia, Hired Wife, Lucky Partners, Pastor Hall, The Sea Hawk, The Man I Married, Pride and Prejudice, Andy Hardy Meets Debutante, I Want a Divorce, New Moon, My Love Came Back, Tom Brown's School Days, The Ghost Breakers, Susan and God, All This, and Heaven Too, Brother Orchid, Edison the Man, Waterloo Bridge, Lillian Russell, Torrid Zone, My Favorite Wife, The Doctor Takes a Wife, Those Were the Days, 'Til We Meet Again, A Bill of Divorcement.

A few cents a day saved "Tired Tom"

1. Tom was just like a thousand other husbands. Home he'd come at night from the office...put his feet up, drag out his pipe and hang a "Please Don't Disturb" sign on his easy chair. Mary, his wife, had put up with years of this. Then she got mad and told Tom he should try to get out of his rut this way!

2. "Tom, these people aren't tired any more, and they're as hard-working as you.* See what drinking Knox Gelatine did for them! 2 out of 3 who tried the Knox 28-day test, and 9 out of 10 who completed it said they were definitely less tired.

"And the Knox Build-Up Plan costs only a few cents a day. Why, I'd be willing to gamble *that* any time to get you up and going once more!"

*Business men, directors, actresses, salesmen, housewives, truck drivers and nurses were among the 23 occupational groups who drank Knox in a 28-day test.

3. If you're tired because you don't get the right protein in regular meals, try drinking Knox! It's all protein.

Drink 4 envelopes a day for the first 2 weeks, then 2 envelopes a day for following 2 weeks. Thereafter, take as needed. Stir contents of envelope into ¾ glass of water or fruit juice. Drink immediately. (Directions in every package.) Knox is tasteless. For details on the Knox Build-Up Plan, write for free Knox Bulletin, Knox Gelatine Co., Dept. 74, Johnstown, N. Y.

Buy Knox Gelatine... the only gelatine used to fight fatigue in these hundreds of tests. Buy the familiar 4-envelope kitchen package or the money-saving 32-envelope package.

KNOX Gelatine

A FOOD THAT FIGHTS FATIGUE

BY LLEWELLYN HUGHES

He stood in front of her, a gun in his hand. "Cut that screaming."

DARK fortune

Peril, surprise, and hope ahead for a woman's heart! So the story ends

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

"YOU *do* believe me, don't you?" Joan begged in her pathetic bewilderment. "I checked the bag here myself."

Christopher Holland answered politely for his sister and himself. "Of course we believe you." From a torn tobacco pouch he began filling a pipe. "Mix-up of baggage checks?" he pondered. "The person owning this"—he glanced at the shabby suitcase in his hand—"gets another bag by mistake. Exchange, approximately one hundred thousand dollars in cash. Oh, no." He grinned. "Not by mistake."

Grouped together, they were discussing the situation in lowered tones. Joan felt it imperative to acquaint them with the attempted robbery in her apartment, and did so. "In some way," she equivocated, shielding Brad, "the money was known to be in our possession."

Chris Holland looked long at her. His eyes were clearly analytical. "I believe I'll keep this suitcase—if you don't mind. In the meantime. I think lunch would improve matters a little. A quiet place near by where we can go over the whole thing."

Evanna's pretty, somewhat undernourished face showed vast disappointment. "It was to have been a celebration," she murmured, looking at him. "Last night," she told Joan, "after you had gone, he sold one of his paintings."

"I'm—I'm so glad for you."

"That alpine scene you liked," he said, as they left the station. "Odd how these geniuses are discovered! I happened to loan a painting to a friend of mine in Greenwich Village who was giving a fly-by-night exhibition. A columnist blew in there and the next day began writing about the work of one C. Holland. Upshot, a stranger in the wilds of Woodstock with six hundred dollars in his pocket. Now it's in mine," he laughed. "Yes, Mrs. Meredith, you must help us celebrate."

After their lunch and talk it was agreed that they should meet again the next morning with definite plans.

The situation had stunned Joan. It was as though she had run headlong into a blank wall, knocking herself senseless. She had kept the claim check in her handbag. In the hospital she had hidden the bag under her pillow. And yet, when she presented the check for collection—

Money! Joan computed what the mere possession of it had already cost her. Her peace of mind, the baby, and—perhaps the greatest loss of all—her idealistic love for Brad.

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The moment she opened the door of her apartment his arms were around her, his lips on hers. He was in an expansive mood, gay, vital.

"Off to Buffalo, darling!" he laughed. "We sail tomorrow night."

The living room, Joan saw giddily, was full of long-stemmed roses. Brad giving his extravagance full rein.

"We'll take only what we need," he was saying. "Shove the rest of the things in storage. Oh, by the way, darling, here's something for you—with my love."

Numbed fingers unwrapped the paper from a small box, revealing a pearl-colored case. Inside it was a wide bracelet of sapphires.

"Oh, Brad!" She swallowed. "How lovely—how lovely!"

He produced a cocktail shaker and filled two glasses waiting on a tray. Absently she took the one he offered her, dimly heard him go through the ceremony of a toast.

"To our safe and happy voyage."

"Wait, Brad!" Joan steadied herself. "I can't go with you to England. There's a very important reason."

"Well, what now?" He was angry.

"The money—it wasn't stolen from here. I hid it in the Grand Central Station."

"In the—where?"

And now, at last, she told him about Chris and Evanna Holland and what had happened when they went to get the money.

He had listened to her in absolute astonishment. Not because of what she had done with the money. He knew that. But this was the first time he had heard of the Hollands and—the revelation of it staggered him—that the money actually belonged to them.

"The brother-and-sister angle alters everything," he admitted. "I see that." He went to the window, where he remained motionless, eyes on the horizon. He was, she knew intuitively, thinking of England.

She rose, went to him and kissed him. "I realize how you feel, Brad—about your country. I don't want you to go to war. But I'll go with you—as soon as we can reasonably leave. As soon as we get that money back."

He was avoiding her eyes. "I know who has the money," he confessed. "Before you do anything—before we call the police—let me see what I can do." Almost in a spirit of contrition he put his arms around her. "I'll have that money back for you tomorrow," he promised. "We might yet make that boat. Look here! You're meeting the Hollands in the morning, aren't you? Very well, have them meet me here right after lunch. And now," he braced himself, "what about these cocktails?"

Joan drank, her hand unsteady. Her eyes didn't want to meet his, afraid of what she might read there.

THE next morning Chris and Evanna Holland arrived in New York early. From the station they took the subway to Fifty-ninth Street and walked east to Second Avenue. There, searching for a certain house number, they entered a dingy tenement building. Chris knocked on a door.

"Is there a person living here by the name of Gibson?"

"Gilson, maybe. Mrs. Gilson. You'll find her on the first floor, at the back."

Mrs. Gilson, a thin harassed-looking woman of sixty, peered up at the tall stranger as though he had come to evict her. Chris showed her the worn suitcase he had with him.

"Was this your property at one time, Mrs. Gilson?" He opened the suitcase and pointed to a name and address faintly scribbled inside the cover. "Is this your handwriting?"

"I sold it to a secondhand dealer down the block—long time ago. Sold it for a dollar." Her skinny hand pointed in the direction. "Is anything wrong?"

"No, nothing at all, Mrs. Gilson. That's all I want to know. Thank you."

The secondhand dealer told Chris that he'd had the suitcase on his shelves for about a year. Yes, that was right—he'd just sold it. About a week ago. "Young feller. Smart-looking. Blond hair, blue eyes, round face, pink cheeks."

This was the principal news they had for Joan when she met them.

"At least," Chris said, "we've got some concrete evidence to turn over to the police—this suitcase, and a description of the man who checked it at the Grand Central."

Joan had told them that Brad wanted to meet them at the apartment, and around one o'clock they took a taxi there, Chris still holding on to the empty suitcase.

In the apartment elevator Evanna's keen eyes were attracted to Gene Maynard. Blond, round-faced, pink-cheeked! An immediate and overt sign tended to fully establish the youth. His mouth opened as he noticed the suitcase, and she and Chris met his frankly amazed blue eyes.

In the fourth-floor corridor Evanna kept her hand on her brother's arm until the elevator had descended.

"That boy fits the description accurately," she said. "And he recognized this bag. Gave himself away."

Joan couldn't believe it. "Gene Maynard?"

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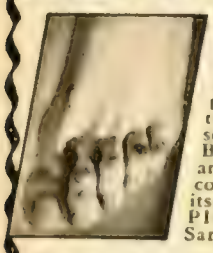
TRUTH ABOUT CORNS



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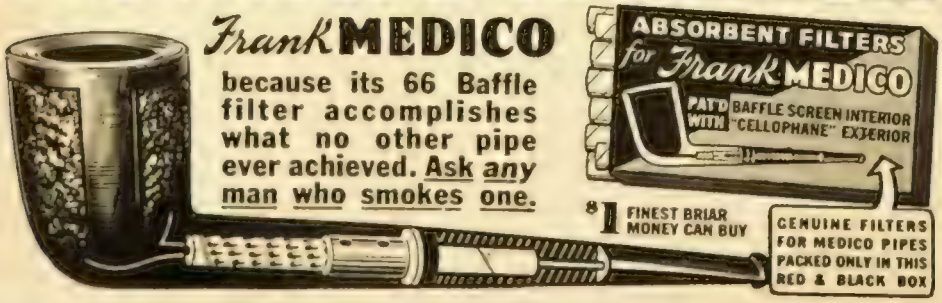
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"It all fits together!" Chris suddenly exclaimed. "Working in this very house. There's our man!"

"Good heavens! I believe you may be right," Joan said. She knew that Gene had carried Elias Holland's bag into the apartment, and also the suitcase of "books" to the Grand Central Terminal. A vast relief came to her as she opened the door marked 4C, hoping to find Brad there waiting—

The apartment looked as if a typhoon had passed through it. The carpet had been pulled up, divans and armchairs were ripped apart, tables turned over, dresser drawers and books scattered, pictures wrenched down and broken.

Joan sank on a chair. "I can't understand it," she murmured. "Why—why should they do this if—if they—they—"

"There's only one thing to do, Mrs. Meredith." Chris Holland's voice was vibrant with anger. "With your permission, I'd like to call the police—here and now."

She nodded feebly.

He had just hung up when Bradley Meredith came in. He stopped short at what he saw, his eyes widening, then rushed to Joan.

"What has happened, Joan? Are you all right?"

She caught his hand blindly, grasped it, resolutely got to her feet. "We came in here a few minutes ago and found the place like this." With an effort she managed to present Chris and Evanna.

CHRIS showed the suitcase to Brad and explained about it. He was sure, he said, that one of the elevator boys could be definitely suspected. He was still pointing out his suspicions when two officers arrived.

Joan told them the whole story of Elias Holland's money.

After a few preliminary questions, the officers concentrated wholly on Brad. When he forced the bag open and found what it contained, why hadn't he reported it to the police? Brad's excuse sounded a bit lame. Well, what made him believe that the money was counterfeit? Had he tried to change one of the bills? Brad, without a tremor, said he hadn't.

"You say this apartment was broken into before? Why didn't you report that?"

Tall, lean, handsome, and distinguished, Bradley Meredith preserved a lofty detachment. "My wife was dangerously ill at the hospital. The money — counterfeit or stolen—wasn't ours. I felt that if we reported things we might find ourselves unnecessarily involved."

"That doesn't make much sense to me, Mr. Meredith." He was subjecting Brad to a sharp scrutiny. The other officer was at the telephone. "Your property had been damaged and you sought no protection? Somebody knew you had the money. You're not telling us all you know."

He turned to Chris Holland. "I'd get some legal advice on how to proceed, if I were you," was the undisguised hint. "We haven't much to go on here."

"I've given you a clue," Chris told him with vigor. "I've told you about this elevator boy."

"We haven't forgotten. He takes the money, then breaks up the apartment again, looking for it."

The second officer had left the telephone. "The chief wants all of you down at headquarters. Five o'clock."

"All right, Joe," his companion said. "Bring that Maynard guy up."

Brad Meredith had turned pale. Glancing at him, Joan felt that the loud beating of her heart must surely give both of them away.

When Gene Maynard was brought in he gazed at the wrecked apartment in amazement. If he had any prior knowledge of it, no actor could have bettered his performance.

"Ever seen this suitcase before?"

Gene wavered; then answered, "Yes."

"Your property?"

"No. I was told to—I bought it for a certain party."

"When was that?"

"About a week ago."

"Who'd you buy it for?"

"He was a stranger to me."

"What kind of an answer is that? Maynard, what have you done with that money?"

Again the youth showed vast surprise. "Money?" he echoed.

"Come on, come on! You know what I'm talking about!"

"I most certainly do not."

They kept at him—following up what Joan had already told them—made him admit that he had carried a heavy bag into the apartment, and another one out, containing "books," to the Grand Central Station. Gene readily answered all their questions, faltering only when he stuck to the story that he had bought the suitcase for a stranger.

In the end the officers took him away—and the suitcase.

"Gene doesn't know anything about it," Brad told his wife. "I'm going to help him; put up bail, if I can. Mr. Holland," he said, "if it's at all possible, I'd like to have a word with you when I get back. Here. In about an hour."

Chris nodded. "Evanna has an appointment with a doctor," he said. "I'll take her there now, then come back to meet you."

BRADLEY MEREDITH was able to free Gene on bail, and then, in a towering rage, he took a cab to an address on Park Avenue. The elevator shot him up to the penthouse. On his ring, a door panel was drawn back and the face of a sullen-eyed young man looked through the iron grating. At one time his nose had been flattened in the prize ring, or by some equally forceful method.

"Mr. Brento in? My name is Bradley Meredith."

After a little delay he was permitted to enter, and it was Ronnie Galland who received him.

Mr. R--- makes a Confession

Almost got fired today. Boss caught me napping at my desk. The trouble is I need a laxative. But I hate to take the awful stuff.

Tom told me to try Ex-lax and I bought a box on my way home. Took some before turning in for the night. A cinch to take - it tastes just like chocolate!

Feel like a million this morning. Ex-Lax worked fine. Didn't upset me or keep me awake last night. Boy, watch me tear into my work today!

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"Hel-lo, old boy! Just telling Sam here that I was afraid you'd hopped off to war without saying good-by."

Meredith's attitude toward him was distant. "I've come to say good-by now—I hope."

The subtle inference chastened Galland's aplomb. "I—I see. Well, what'll you have to drink, old boy?"

"Not a thing."

In a large room giving out on the terrace, Rita Colony, wearing blue silk lounging pajamas, lay on a davenport. Her greeting of Brad was artificial, her red-lipped smile a shade apprehensive. Brento, his squat body deeply embedded in a white-leather chair, didn't move. He acknowledged Brad with the lifting of a hairy finger.

"I think you know why I'm here," Brad told them. "However, I'll proceed as though you didn't."

Ron Galland laughed nervously. "Say! What is all this?"

"The last time I was at Snow Lake a key was taken from my pocket. Since then my apartment has been twice entered and ruthlessly sacked."

Galland put on an unconvincing expression of regret. "Great snakes!" he gasped.

"The objective was a load of counterfeit money, possession of which"—he glanced at the davenport—"I babbled out to our mutual friend here—that same night at Snow Lake. The night, Mr. Brento, I rashly challenged you at cards. The night, Mr. Galland, when somebody in your picturesque den of thieves put a powder into my drink."

Without moving, Brento asked, "You say we already know all this?"

Meredith gave him a level look. "A word in the right place, perhaps," he coolly suggested. "Then, as I say, it can be good-by. But if my wife is harmed or again threatened, I'll make some one pay for it."

"Well, it all means nothing to me, Meredith," Brento said. "All I've got to say to you is this: If the centuries you handed me that night along with Ron's check—if they were part of the haul, they were *not* phony."

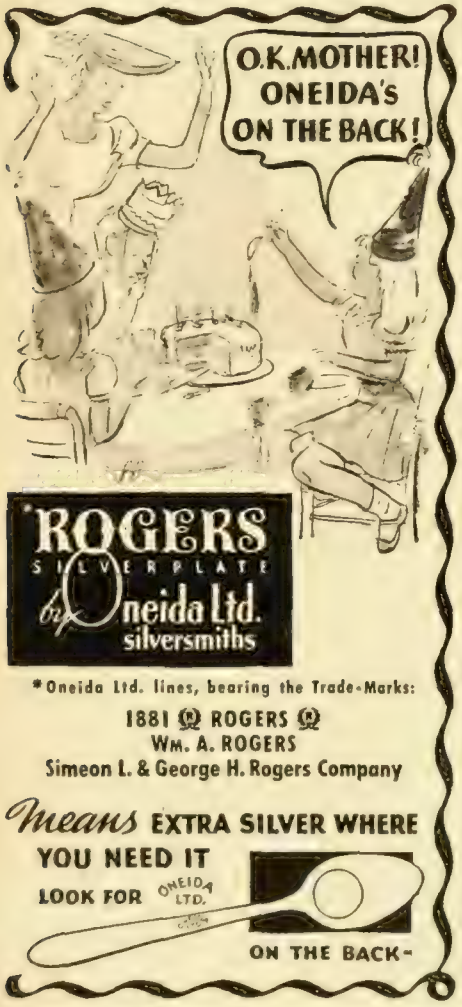
"That was my own money. The only phony part about that card game was one you can perhaps explain yourself, Mr. Brento."

It was a deathly moment, and Brad calmly waited it out. Rita Colony's hand had flown to her mouth, Galland had frozen, and Brento's lips were tightened until they were almost the color of his teeth.

"That's all," Brad told them. "So we'd better make this a peaceful good-by."

He turned, left the room, and they let him go without another word. Still Brento didn't move. But all at once he directed burning eyes at

'ROO by George W. Vos



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Galland and said with slow savagery, "Send Jack Mattson in here. . . ."

WHEN three o'clock came without any sign or word from Brad, Joan became increasingly restless. She thumbed over a book of poems, started to read one, then stopped.

Suddenly she heard the slight sound of a key being turned in a lock. The front door. Brad!

It was not Brad. Two men she had never seen before were coming softly through the hall. Both were young-looking, dark-haired, and one had a flattened nose. Joan, now standing, backed away from them on stumbling heels, unable to utter a word.

"We don't want to hurt you. Just keep quiet, answer our questions, and nothing will happen to—"

At this moment Joan found that she could scream and did so. On the instant one of the men struck her across the mouth, sending her reeling against the wall. He then stood in front of her, a gun in his hand.

"Cut that screaming. We warned you, didn't we?" He spoke calmly, almost softly. "Now, where's that money?"

"I—I don't know. I swear I don't know." Weakly she leaned against the wall, feeling the taste of blood on her lips. "It—it was stolen—from the Grand Central. It was—"

Crucified against the wall, her body trying to press its way through it to escape them, she was facing the hall. Her stricken eyes watched the re-opening of the hall door. Brad came in. She saw the tensing of his tall graceful body, the lithe and noiseless steps he took forward. The agony of that second knifed through her as she felt the acute presence of death.

As Brad sprang, something happened to him. She was too numbed to understand it at once, too lifeless to hear words or sounds. Invisible thuds seemed to hit him with terrific force in the chest, so that he was flung backward trying to keep his feet before he slumped sideways to the floor. The men ran out. The hall door closed behind them.

On the floor, Brad was conscious of nothing save piercing screams. "Get a doctor!" Joan was calling. "Somebody get a doctor!"

Now he couldn't seem to hear anything. What did he want to say to her? Wanted to tell her he loved her. But she knew that. England? The farthermost star was nearer to him now. The war? It would go on, and he'd never know if his country— No, no! What so desperately did he want to say to her?

"Forgive me, Joan."

She was kissing his forehead, his cheeks, his lips. And all the time she was sobbing out words he couldn't seem to understand.

"I took the money, Joan. Have it for them — in safe deposit. Fifth Avenue bank. You—you get it for the Hollands. All arranged for you."

"Oh, Brad dear," she was crying, "don't try to talk. We'll—we'll start again—in England—"

"I took the money, Joan. Meant to tell you about it when we got to England. Don't tell the Hollands. Just say I got it back from—from Brento. I—meant to keep it for you—if you ever wanted to use it. Bought bracelet—my own money—"

Joan saw that he was dying. It had been dark fortune, black fortune, from the very moment that money had come into their possession. She thought of the day when she had returned with it from Washington, so passionately eager to see him. Now his splendid vitality was swiftly evaporating; in a second would be gone from him forever.

"Hate to leave you like this, Joan," he whispered. "Been no good to you. Always wanted to bring you happiness. Money wasn't the way."

He tried to kiss her lips. Couldn't. His voice trailed away to nothingness; the hand trying to touch her cheek dropped heavily to his side.

IN the meantime a life-and-death struggle was in progress in the corridor just outside their door. Chris was returning to keep his appointment with Meredith. As he stepped out of the elevator he saw two men—one with a gun—running from Joan's apartment. With a lightning blow to the chin he knocked one man senseless. Then he closed with the other, and together they rolled on the floor, fighting desperately.

The elevator had shot downward. Doors on the fourth floor were opened and promptly closed again. A shot rang out, and Chris felt the hot stab of lead through the palm of his hand. He battered the man savagely, wrenched away his gun, brought the butt of it down on his head.

And now, as he got to his feet, blood streaming from his fingers, the elevator shot up again, disgorging several police officers and other men. Chris told them what had happened, then pointed to a closed door. Handcuffs were placed on the two men he had subdued, and when the police got no answer to the 4C bell, they crashed the door open.

THE December morning had a keen tang in the air, and the luxury liner President Coolidge was about to sail for warm Bermuda.

Joan, alone in her stateroom, listlessly unpacked the clothes her aunt had bought for her. Never had she felt so despondent and lonely. From a shadowy past little was left to her save a few personal possessions. Brad lay buried in England, where she knew he would want to rest. She had sent his body to his brother in Sussex. Nothing at all left of Brad—except a newspaper clipping telling of his rash but heroic death.

Until yesterday Joan had tried as best she could to carry on alone. She had wanted to do so. A newspaper job had been tentatively offered her. She had taken a one-room apartment. But there Aunt Priscilla had materialized with dispatch.

"Stuff! I've had enough of this,

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FREE Week's supply, double or single edge blades. Write MARLIN, 25 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

young lady. Move your things right over to my hotel. Tomorrow I'm taking you with me to Bermuda."

The boat's siren gave a long warning, and Joan hurried out on deck. She had hoped that Chris and Evanna would come to see her off.

Except for Chris's help she would have crumpled under the strain. Even at the expense of leaving Evanna during the series of delicate operations on her knee, he had seen to everything for her, got into communication with Brad's people in England, been present during the trying days in court when the two men who had entered the apartment were charged with murder. Galland and Brento had also been under sharp questioning, their lawyers having a hard fight to save them.

Gene Maynard was guiltless, and Brad's tragic death had released him from all further secrecy.

"I admired him," he told Joan—"his manners, the way he dressed—everything. No, I didn't know the bag contained money. I thought you had books in it—like you said. And that's how I came to tell him about it. Then he asked me to buy him a secondhand suitcase and to check it for him at the Grand Central baggage room. I thought it was kind of queer, but I did what he told me and gave him the claim check for the bag. That's all I know."

With that information, the rest of it was plain to every one concerned. Bradley Meredith had searched among Joan's effects until he found what he wanted in her handbag. He then merely exchanged his baggage check for hers—enabling him to claim the bag with the money.

ON board the President Coolidge the people who were not sailing were being requested to go ashore. Joan felt a pang of disappointment as she scanned the crowd below under a canopy of fluttering handkerchiefs and gaily colored streamers. Aunt Priscilla joined her, took one look at her face, and snorted.

"Umph! Wouldn't even come to bid you good-by!"

"Perhaps they didn't get my message. I would have liked to see Evanna."

"Rubbish!" Aunt Priscilla gave her a nudge. "It's the other one you want to see. So do I. I like that young man. Like his eyes, his grand laugh, his red hair—"

But Joan was walking away from her. She had seen broad shoulders forcing a path through the crowd. Up the gangplank he came, despite all opposition. In a moment his large hands were clasping her own.

"Only got your telegram a few hours ago," he panted. "Evanna couldn't make it. Sends her love. Her knee is right as rain, thank the Lord—but she's been ordered to go easy on it for a while longer. Lord," he breathed, "what a scramble I've had!"

"It was so good of you to come, Chris. Tell Evanna I'll write—"

"Joan," he ventured, still breathing hard, "there's something I wanted to say to you—"

GABRIEL HEATTER

ON THE AIR for Liberty

Every Thursday and Saturday

DRAMATIZING INTERNATIONAL NEWS SITUATIONS!

	P.M.		P.M.
Boston	WAAB 9:00 E.S.T.	Minneapolis	KSTP 10:15 C.S.T.
Buffalo	WKBW 9:00 E.S.T.	New York	WOR 9:00 E.S.T.
Chicago	WGN 8:00 C.S.T.	Philadelphia	WFIL 9:00 E.S.T.
Cleveland	WHK 9:00 E.S.T.	St. Louis	KWK 8:00 C.S.T.
Detroit	WXYZ 9:00 E.S.T.	Washington, D.C.	WOL 9:00 E.S.T.

*Los Angeles *San Diego *San Francisco

*See local paper for time and station.

She colored. "I'll only be away a month. You and Evanna—"

"Joan, is it too soon to speak to you? I don't want to run the risk of losing you—without speaking—"

"Last call for those going ashore!"

He looked so big and helpless that Joan felt sorry for him. But it wasn't sorrow exactly. Something had banished her despondency. Something was stirring within her—a new life, a new happiness.

"Don't ask me to say anything now, Chris," she said.

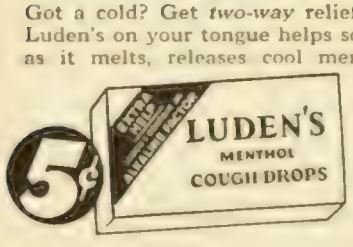
And although the gray eyes uplifted to him were gently promising, there wasn't time to say more. Indeed, Chris Holland made the gangplank just as they were lowering it, and down below he stood bareheaded on the dock, his shouts adding to the pandemonium of the departure.

And there, long after the crowd had melted, he remained, his solitary figure outlined against the river, gazing at her ship until it was a gray smudge on the horizon.

THE END

CLOTHESPIN NOSE

Got a cold? Get *two-way* relief with Luden's! A Luden's on your tongue helps soothe throat *then*, as it melts, releases cool menthol vapor. Your breath carries this to clogged nasal passages, helps *open* your "clothespin nose!"



Luden's, Inc.

READING TIME • 1 MINUTE 45 SECONDS

BEE TROUBLE

Liberty's True Short Short

BY MICHAEL HALL

ANTON KERTESZ, a wealthy farmer of Nyiregyhaza, Hungary, lost simultaneously his reputation as a gentleman, his trousers, and his freedom—being confined for some days in an insane asylum. Budapest papers related the story as follows:

Anton decided to add the keeping of bees to his already profitable vocations, such as sheep, garden truck, and fruit.

On the recommendation of an expert, he collected two families of unbusy bees in a couple of milk jugs and took them to the Budapest Apiological Institute to have them psychoanalyzed—or whatever is done to discover the cause of character defects in bees.

The farmer put the jugs, covered with parchment which he thought was firmly tied down, beneath his seat in the train.

Soon thereafter, however, the bees were swarming up his legs, beneath his trousers.

Two women shared his compartment, and, with true Hungarian gallantry, he suffered in silence, until he could bear no more and was forced to scream in agony, "Clear out immediately!" The terrified women fled into the next compartment.

Meantime, M. Kertesz utilized their absence to remove his trousers and shake the invaders out of the window. Unfortunately for him, an express train passing in the opposite direction tore the trousers out of his hand.

At this moment the guard anxiously peered into the compartment. Seeing a trouserless man gesticulating from the window, he rapidly withdrew, locking the door behind him.

At Budapest the door was unlocked to admit two men, who told the farmer that they were tailors come to measure him for new trousers. He was suspicious of these two men, and his suspicions were justified when they pinioned him to a stretcher and placed him in an ambulance.

Arriving at an asylum, the indignant farmer started an incoherent story of milk jugs, idle bees, and vanished trousers, which resulted in the unhappy man being furnished not with trousers but with a straitjacket.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

CROSSWORDS

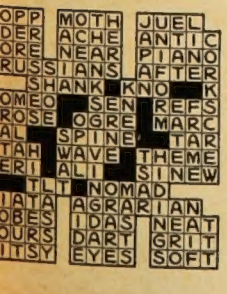
By Lee Pasquin

HORIZONTAL

1 Fundamental
6 Unit of measure (pl.)
11 Order of Greek architecture
16 Odor
17 Worship
18 Goddess of peace
19 Exist
20 Prattle
22 Saying
24 Prefix expressing motion
25 Aim
27 Second vertebra of the neck
28 Wise men of the East
29 Number
30 Enemy of medieval Christians
32 Summed up
34 Bird
35 Having wings
39 Commotion
40 Hand wheat thresher. (pl.)
43 Compass point
44 Puts in a row
47 Fat
48 Offers
51 Strike gently repeatedly
52 By
53 Consume
54 Entangle
55 Note of the scale
56 Rodents
59 Emerald-green copper arsenate
61 Put back
63 Smooth hard coating
65 Alcoholic beverage
66 Having branches
68 Unit of measurement
69 River in Russia
71 Lump
72 God of the sea
75 Authors
79 Beast of burden
80 Accomplished
82 Spurious
83 Rested
84 Pronoun
85 Danger
86 Goods sunk in the sea with buoy attached
88 Depart
89 Let down
91 Song
93 Small wax candle
95 Spits out
96 Growing out
97 Poem

VERTICAL

1 Infants
2 Amphitheater
3 Therefore
4 Rascal
5 Kind of fur
6 Surface film
7 Date in Roman calendar
8 Negative
9 Vehicle
10 Dignified
11 Pertaining to fingers or toes
12 Native metal
13 Prefix: again
14 Silly
15 Gave
21 Cutting implement
23 Past
26 Dismal
29 Hawaiian shrub or cord
31 In the midst of
33 Mine entrance
36 Freckly pigmentation of skin
37 Conjunction
38 Overflowing
40 Blaze
41 One of the dead languages
42 Metal
44 Flower
45 Ant
46 Grudge
49 Part of the head
50 Mean skulking fellow
57 Encampments
58 Give forth
60 Nothing
61 Parasitic disease of grain
62 Locomotor ataxia
64 Those who avoid by artifice
67 Lively
69 City in Italy
70 For a period of time
72 Fastens with a metal pin
73 Bar
74 Neither
76 Fragment of cloth
77 Ranted
78 Emporium
81 Eagerness for action
82 Narrow aperture
85 Church seat
87 Downy cloth surface
90 Pronoun
92 Egyptian god
94 River in northern Italy



Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Seven Steps to Personal Success

FULTON OURSLER

DO THOSE words sound with a strange ring today? Personal success! With the world burning up, who can think of personal success? Yet next week Liberty will begin the publication of a new series of articles dealing with the individual and his personal problems. In the midst of all the hurly-burly of mass conscription, we shall find space and time to talk about men and women with personal ambitions and hopes and dreams, people who want to succeed in life. The author of this new series of articles will be Professor Walter B. Pitkin, who wrote a famous book called Life Begins at Forty. The subject of his new work which will appear in these pages will be Seven Steps to Personal Success. We believe it will be helpful to all ambitious people of whatever age. More, it will be a reaffirmation of our belief in the importance of the individual in a world that would blast all free enterprise and make man one with the ant and the bee.

THRILLS OF COURSE and excitement in plenty will be found in next week's Liberty. The Fu Manchu story races on with its high lights and shadows of passion, skulduggery, and mystery; there are more revelations about the Comtesse de Portes, the 1940 Du Barry who helped to ruin France and whose tragic and melodramatic history begins in the issue you hold in your hands right now. There will be several remarkable short stories, among them The Holy Child of Agincourt, by Tyline Perry, and Mrs. Billman's Private Life, by Thelma Jones. Among the articles I especially recommend: Straight Talk to Drafted Men and Their Families, by Lieutenant General Robert Lee Bullard; Hitler's Rival Armies, by Albert Grzesinski and Charles E. Hewitt, Jr.; I Flew into Battle in a British Bomber, by Robert Low; Is There a Heavyweight Champion in the House? by Jack Dempsey; American Songbird — The Success-Story of Dorothy Maynor, by Sylvia Dreyfus; another piece on happiness by Maurice Maeterlinck; and The World and the Prophets — What's Ahead? by Frederick Lewis.

SALMAGUNDI: What does Salmagundi mean? The question bobs up in many letters. For example, this one from Arthur J. Kellar of Branchville, New Jersey:

"'Salmagundi,' a word of robust physique despite its long legs and obscure origin, frequently appears in your columns to introduce items of miscellany. It is there again this week and, as always, it sets in motion a train of thought in my mind. For it recalls an intriguing statement I once read somewhere about you. Why salmagundi should have this effect on me I dunno, but it does and I am now doing what I have long been impelled to do—writing you regarding the matter.

"The statement was: 'Mr. Oursler has his own pet dictionary of words, regularly bound.' And it intrigues me because I don't know what it means.

"Have you compiled your own dictionary? 'Regularly bound' seems to imply that. If so, why? Did you become dissatisfied with Webster's definitions or spelling or what? And how does the Oursler dictionary differ from his and other standard dictionaries? Or is yours just a dictionary of pet words? If the latter, does salmagundi appear in it and how is it defined? Or is yours an orthodox dictionary after all—one you prize above all others and harbor as a pet?

"These and kindred questions are bothering me, and I would be much obliged if you would explain about your dictionary sometime when you have the space and inclination. Other Liberty admirers, I am sure, would be interested in your explanation, for it promises to be a revealing side light on the personality of their favorite editor."

Well, I don't know where Mr. Kellar saw the statement about my dictionary, but it harks back to a long time ago. Twenty-five years ago I took pleasure in reading the dictionary through three times, and copying out of it words that seemed to me most simple and expressive and beautiful. I was never able to make much practical use of the resulting manuscript, but I put it on my shelf, in memory of an exercise that I followed for three or four years and which helped me gain a better understanding of our language. So, you see, one of the suggested interpretations was right — I made a dictionary of my pet words. "Salmagundi" doesn't appear in it. As I understand the word, it means a dish made up of a variety of meat, fish, and vegetables—I think one dictionary defines it as "a general mixture" for its secondary meaning. The dish has anchovies, onions, and eggs, among other things. I wonder if it would be better for me to use "Eggs and Onions" instead of "Salmagundi." What do you think? . . . Congratulations to Lenox R. Lohr on his book Television Broadcasting, just issued by the McGraw-Hill Book Company. It was while Major Lohr was president of the National Broadcasting Company that television made its greatest strides toward practical public usefulness. I shall never forget one morning when I was the guest of Major Lohr and Clay Morgan—also of NBC—at an early demonstration of television. In the darkness, before the receiving instrument, Major Lohr sat at my right and Mr. Morgan at my left. Presently the detective story being enacted on the screen came to an end, the scene changed, and, to my surprise, I saw instead Mr. Morgan. He had slipped out in the dark, gone down to the telecasting studio, and there I saw him before me. He picked up a telephone and asked for me. Then a bell rang, and I found a telephone at my elbow. I picked it up and began to talk to Mr. Morgan while watching him on the screen. This weird experience was arranged for me by Major Lohr, whose new book on the production, economics, and technique of television broadcasting is like a first glimpse of a brave new world. . . . On the back page, November 9 issue, it was stated that M-G-M had acquired Unexpected Uncle, the popular Liberty serial by Eric Hatch. In reality it is R. K. O. which has secured the moving-picture rights. . . . Little History Lessons, No. 2: In classical Athens the people wanted to discourage rash attempts at legislation. It was therefore decreed that any one proposing a new law should appear before the assembly with a rope round his neck, which was to be immediately tightened if he failed to get his proposal adopted.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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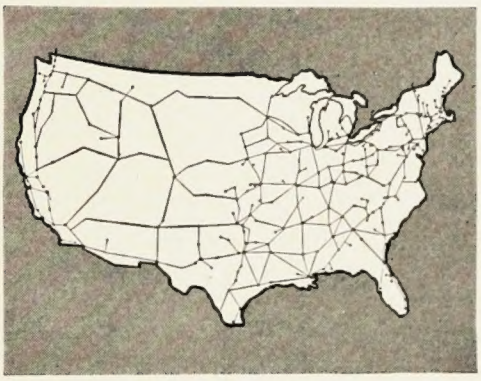
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY RUSSELL SAMBROOK

Network *radio* programs come over *telephone* wires!

In the development of radio—that important influence in modern life—Western Electric equipment has played a big part.



Here are the main routes of the high quality Bell System lines employed in broadcasting service. The "network broadcast" travels over these wires.

The thousands of miles of wire and cable, the poles, the countless items of apparatus were supplied by Western Electric, manufacturer and purchaser for the Bell System.

Telephone company 'control offices' like this one, Western Electric equipped, are located at important cities. They switch the network program to selected broadcasting stations.

To keep the program at full brilliance, Western Electric vacuum tubes at "repeater stations" amplify the electrical impulses with complete fidelity.

So, out of the telephone art has come much of broadcasting's plant. This apparatus is made by Western Electric with the same skill as your Bell Telephone.

Western Electric *. . . is back of your Bell Telephone service*

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